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MEMORIAL EXERCISES

HELD IN

CASTLETON, VERMONT, IN THE YEAR 1885;

INCLUDING

THE ADDRESSES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, REMINISCENCES, LIST OF THE GRAVES DECORATED, ROSTER OF THE VETERANS IN LINE, GIVING COMPANY AND REGIMENT, HISTORY OF PREVIOUS MEMORIAL DAYS IN CASTLETON, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE RELICS EXHIBITED.

COMPILED BY

JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D.,

SECRETARY OF THE MEMORIAL ORGANIZATION.

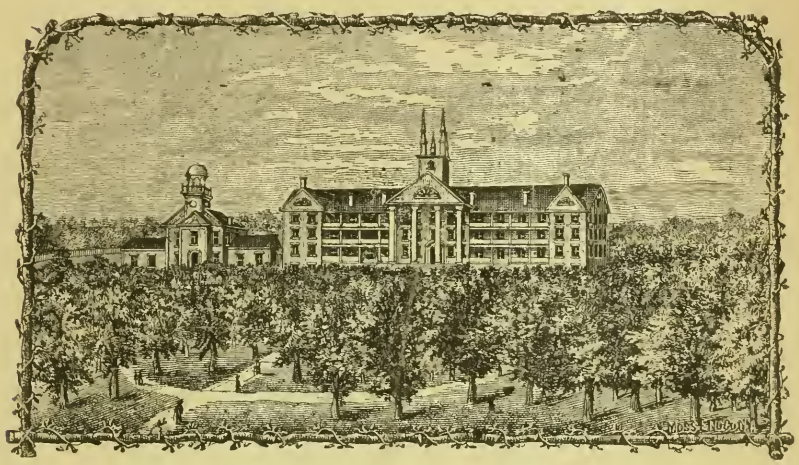
ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE RUTLAND COUNTY H

ALBANY, N.
JOEL MUNSELL'S
1885.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

CASTLETON, VERMONT.

[Rutland County Grammar School, 1787. Normal School, 1867.]



ABEL E. LEAVENWORTH, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.
Miss LOUISA M. LEAVENWORTH, Associate.
Miss ABBIE E. LEONARD, Miss LUCY WELLS, Miss FANNIE C. TAYLOR,
Miss ELEANOR L. MANLEY, Assistant Teachers.

full courses of study: the *first* for *two years*, in the studies of the common schools, secures, ation, certificates to teach in any public school of the State for *five years:* the *second*, for *half years* more, secures certificates to teach for *ten years*, and qualifies for the higher

per year of twenty weeks each, *one* beginning the *third Tuesday* in February and *ird Tuesday* in August Each term is divided into two quarters of ten weeks each, ceived for a *half* term of *ten* weeks.

enty-four dollars per year, or *Six dollars* per quarter. Free tuition is given by s to those complying with the conditions of the same, but for a period of not less *twenty* weeks.

ned in the family of the Principal, with the other teachers, for *three dollars and* ek. Rooms for self-boarding are also furnished in the school building for *fifty*

alms to secure accurate and broad scholarship and gives an admirable preparation, *teaching*, but for any future calling the pupil may elect to pursue, by reason of the scipline and self-control attained through its training. It is steadily increasing the graduates, whose good work is, in turn, increasing and extending the patronage of he part of the public.

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nial of the Grammar School and Seminary and the Twentieth Anniversary of observed in 1887.

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Neshobe Island, by John M. Currier,

ER, Secretary, CASTLETON, Vt.

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INTRODUCTION.

It was thought best this year to vary the program of exercises on Memorial Day in Castleton, from the old custom of set speeches, an hour or more in length, by some "sprigs of the law," or some dress-parade soldiers of a fresh-water type, and call out for speakers genuine, scarred, maimed, salt-water sailors and soldiers, who have endured the hardships and privations of a long, cruel war, and let them tell their own stories. Far better will it be for historical science to record the details of actual experiences of life in camp and on the field of battle, from the soldiers themselves, than to print a spread-eagle speech filled with flowery expressions for effect, but devoid of the least historical untold fact. The soldiers' stories go home to the hearts of their kindred and friends for generations that follow, but the euphonious address is forgotten before the audience reach home.

War history is never completed. It never can be until the smallest facts are brought in by individuals. This is what is proposed for the occasion of Memorial Day exercises, to bring in the details. There is no better time nor more fitting occasion. Every year the number of graves of soldiers to be decorated are increasing, and correspondingly a lesser number are left to relate the sad data of history.

We fondly cherish the memory of those who have lost or periled their lives for their and our country. There is a sad and mournful pleasure derived in placing flowers upon their graves. Equally so is it to rehearse the story of their lives and military career; though the sad and mirthful may sometimes mingle.

The citizens and soldiers of Castleton decided to make this innovation into the old custom of long, dry speeches and in their place, have a program made up of biographical sketches of officers and soldiers, reminiscences of the war, and contributions of interest, by the participators themselves. Accordingly a meeting

was called to be held at the residence of B. W. Burt, Esq., on Friday evening, May 22d, to make proper arrangements to carry out the plan. When the evening arrived, both the citizens and soldiers were well represented by enthusiastic delegates, and the following arrangements were made :

Capt. Abel E. Leavenworth was chosen president ; Hon. J. B. Bromley and Michael Hynes, vice-presidents; John M. Currier, secretary ; Rev. Levi H. Stone, chaplain ; Misses Fanny C. Taylor, Mary C. Northrop, Helen I. Sherman, Alice Delehanty and Hallie Foster, floral committee; Chas. C. Bromley, Henry L. Clark and F. L. Reed, finance committee ; Chas. C. Bromley, committee on music; James Durham and Daniel E. Bibbins, grave-markers. The principal officers were to act as executive committee.

The John T. Sennott Post, G. A. R., of West Rutland, was invited to be present on Memorial Day and take part in the exercises; which was accepted.

Much credit should be given to the floral committee for their labor in preparing bouquets and wreaths for decoration, and for the very fine display of the flower wagon; to the teachers and pupils of the Normal school for their aid to the floral committee and much other preliminary work; to the citizens of Castleton for their contributions in money for liquidating purposes, and for their contributions of flowers; and lastly to the authors of papers who have contributed such valuable historical material.

John M. Currier.

Castleton, Vermont, June 27, 1885.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE DAY.

Memorial Day in Castleton dawned somewhat cloudy, but without much appearance of rain; it remained fair all through the day. The attendance was the largest ever observed in this town on similar occasions. The John T. Sennott Post, G. A. R., of West Rutland, and Veterans of this vicinity, were received in front of the Bomoseen House, by the Normal Guards, accompanied by the Castleton Cornet Band and Drum Corps, under the Marshalship of Capt. Abel E. Leavenworth, and were escorted to the Normal School Park, where the procession was formed at 10 o'clock A. M., in the following order:

MARSHAL OF THE DAY,

CASTLETON CORNET BAND AND DRUM CORPS,

NORMAL GUARDS, under command of Lieuts. P. R. Leavenworth and H. M. McIntosh, as escorts,

JOHN T. SENNOTT POST G. A. R., of West Rutland under the Command of George Brown,

VETERAN of 1812,*

VETERANS OF THE LATE WAR,

WAGON beautifully trimmed with flowers, evergreens and banners, guarded by five young Normal Guards,

OFFICERS OF THE DAY,

SPEAKERS,

FACULTY OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

PUPILS OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF OTHER SCHOOLS,

CITIZENS ON FOOT,

CITIZENS IN CARRIAGES.

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*This place in the procession was assigned to Hyde Westover, Esq., the last surviving soldier of 1812, in Castleton, but as the horse that was to draw his carriage, was afraid of music, he preferred walking to riding, and thus the occasion was not deprived of his dignified presence. Many hearts were stirred with patriotic fervor at the lively interest he took in the exercises of the day. His age was 89, Feb. 18. The first president he voted for was John Quincy Adams in 1824.

The line of march was through Seminary and Main streets, and Cemetery avenue to Hillside Cemetery. A hollow square was formed around the grave of the gallant Lieut. George O. French, where the principal exercises were held. The order of exercises were as follows :

PRAYER BY THE REV. LEVI H. STONE, CHAPLAIN 1ST REGT. VT. VOLS.

Our Father who art in Heaven, behold us in love and mercy, gathered as we are on these consecrated grounds where sleep our loved ones in the silence of the grave. We worship thee, as God over all and blessed forever. We laud and magnify thy name. True it is, that thou art incomprehensible to man, because thou art Infinite and man is finite, but through thy works, we discover evidences of thy Being and perfections.

The Heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament showeth thy handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is *no speech* nor *language* where their voice is not heard.

We have evidence that man is made to think, and by study we increase in knowledge of earthly and Divine things.

The revolving seasons of the year by the order of their movements, the material world with its numerous laws, extending from the creeping violet to the oak and the cedar, and from the most triffling of the insect world to the boldest and most terrible of animals on the land and in the sea, laws so exactly and perpetually executed, are evidences to man, of the existence of the Deity; and that thine is the ownership of the Universe.

In humility, believingly and *penitently* would we approach Thee on this most deeply *interesting anniversary* occasion. We are gathered here to-day, to testify in floral offerings, and other services, our remembrances of our kindred and countrymen, who fell in the bloody contest for order and law, against Rebellion, and consequent anarchy, in 1861–2–3–4–5. While we mourn that an occasion required the sacrifice, we ought to be thankful that it was readily and heroically laid upon the altar of Freedom and Constitutional law. Thy Son, O, our heavenly Father was given for the Redemption of man, so our sons, our brothers, our fathers and

friends were given for the defense and perpetuation of our beloved Nation. Hard and cruel as it was, the necessity was Divinely permitted to be. The wrath of man shall praise thee, and the *remainder* of wrath thou wilt restrain.

A great National evil was crushed and swept away, as one of the effects of the war, and shall it not be that a more just appreciation of the value of Freedom and justice between men and all portions of our country shall prevail, and all bitterness and wrath and evil surmising, and every root of bitterness, be put away, and all contention hereafter be for truth and righteousness; and swords be beaten into plough shares and spears into pruning hooks. Upon our entire Nation we supplicate the Divine favor. Make our country to be, like the smell of a *field* which the Lord hath blest.

Upon all our institutions of Benevolence, the asylums for the Deaf and Dumb, for the insane, for the wretched in city and country, upon our prisons where ill-deserving men and women are confined, let reforming influences be wisely and faithfully exerted. Upon the families bereaved of husbands, sons and brothers because of the war, and upon wounded soldiers who survive; upon all these bestow great mercy and favor. Now Lord, what wait we for? Here among the dead, are we reminded of the possibilities, that await us. So fit us for life and death, that our lives may be happy and useful and our end be peace. And to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit be praise everlasting. Amen.

Opening Address by Capt. Abel E. Leavenworth.*

Comrades of the G. A. R., Other Veterans of the Civil War, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

It affords me gratification to welome you to a participation in the memorial services of the day. Here no creed, or political bias debars any, but a common love for country and a universal desire to do reverence to the patriotism and sacrifices of our heroic and

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* Prof. Leavenworth was captain of Co. K., Ninth Regiment of Vermont Volunteers. He served two years as Inspector General and Adjutant General in the Army of the James; led the skirmish line into Richmond, April 3, 1865; and was Assistant Provost Marshal of Richmond during the first month of its occupation by the Union forces after the collapse of the Rebellion.

kindred dead, actuate us all to express, by these beautiful floral offerings, as well as by our presence, our grateful appreciation of their services in our behalf.

It is for the living that we do this loving service, that we may kindle anew our own zeal, and more than all else, teach our children the lesson that man may suffer and cheerfully give even his life for his country's liberties. The last remnant of the heroes of the Revolution has passed from earth. The memory of their valor is paling with the receding years. A few only are left of those who in the war of 1812, did valiant service for the preservation of the infant nation, established by Washington and his compeers. *One* we gladly welcome here to-day, and are proud to be honored by his presence and to be permitted to listen to words of his dictation for this occasion. The heroes of the second war for Independence we do not forget. The undying valor displayed by Vermont troops in both these, as attested by the battles of Hubbardton, Bennington and Lake Champlain, shall ever remain as fresh in our hearts as to our eyes are the beautiful adorning of the hills and valleys, the woodlands and meadows, that environ us to-day.

But our thoughts, on this occasion, turn chiefly to the brave achievements of more recent times. As we read upon the tombstones about us the testimony of lives offered up a country to save, as we look about us and see gathered around us men who were members of every arm of the service and who stand here to-day as living witnesses of noble daring upon many a well contested field, where shot and shell rent the air and tore the flesh of their comrades, there rise up before us vivid pictures of the imperishable record engraved, not upon perishable marble or granite, but upon the hearts of a grateful country that will not let their memory die, of the First Vermont regiment at Big Bethel and the Second at Bull Run ; of the Old Brigade at Lee's Mills, at Fredericksburg, at Mayre's Height, at Bank's Ford, at South Mountain, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, before Petersburgh, at Charleston, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, whose valorous achievements time does not permit, had words the power to delineate; of the Seventh at Vicksburgh, Baton Rouge, Gonzales Station, Spanish Fort and Whistler ; of the Eighth at Cotten, Bisland, Port Hudson, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek and Newton ; of the Ninth at Harper's Ferry, Suffolk, Newport, Chapin's Farm, Fair Oaks and Richmond; of the Tenth at Orange Grove, the Wilder-

ness, and thence with the Old Brigade to Petersburgh and Sailor's Creek; of the Eleventh baptized in blood at Spottsylvania and immortalized with the Old Brigade, in the scenes of carnage that followed, ending at Sailor's Creek; of the Second Brigade, at Gettysburgh, where a record that commanded the admiration of veterans and gave a victory that made that battle the turning point of the war; of the Seventeenth which first paraded as a regiment in the Wilderness, fought nobly all the way to Petersburgh, and came out of Fort Hell with two line officers and but a handful of men; of the Cavalry upon whose banners are emblazoned the record of seventy-three fights; of the Batteries at Pleasant Hill and Port Hudson; and of the Sharpshooters in the van guard of the army of the Potomac. *What a record!!* It is as grand and enduring as are these eternal hills which nursed these giant heroes upon their brawny breasts and nestled them in their rugged arms, and thus trained them to the endurance that fits men with sinews of iron and hearts of steel to know no fear when country and home and liberty are at stake. To do honor to the memory of such men you are, my friends, invited to-day. May the God of battles help us to kindle anew the zeal of the pure and lofty patriotism, with the sacred fire that glows upon the altar upon which our precious dead were offered up, that we may become brave to fight the battles with vice and immorality, with greed and place-seeking, and the horde of kindred enemies to our country's peace and prosperity, and come out from them with escutcheons as bright and untarnished as did these heroes from carnal warfare.

But no more of this hour is mine. Let us turn to the memorial services that now demand our attention.

Exercises of the State Normal School.

The exercises of the State Normal School were rendered in an impressive manner, in the following order:

1. Recitation by Wm. A. Manley, of Benson, Vt., first corporal of the Normal Guards, entitled "*Our Heroes.*"

2. Recitation by Miss Jennie L. Graves, of the "A" class at the Normal School, entitled "*The Soldiers' Graves.*"

3. Recitation by eight children of soldiers, (of whom there are eighteen in the Normal School,) each of whom repeated impres-

sively one stanza of Will Carlton's touching poem, "*Cover them Over.*"

Following are the names with service of parents :

Mary C. Burt, daughter of Dunham G. Burt of Castleton. Mr. Burt entered the service as artificer of the First Light Artillery, Dec. 9, 1861, and was transferred to the Regular Artillery, Nov. 19, 1862, serving five years.

Florence M. Bixby, daughter of Marquis J. Bixby of Castleton. Mr. Bixby enlisted Aug. 29, 1862, in the Sixteenth Regiment of Vermont Vols., Co. C; was wounded.

Agnes G. Stowell, youngest daughter of Lieut. Col. Edwin F. Stowell. Col. Stowell entered the service as captain Co. F. 5th Vermont Vols., September 4, 1861. Was appointed major of the 9th Vermont, June 21, 1862, and lieutenant colonel, March 20, 1863. He died at Cornwall, Vt., September 11, 1880, of disability incurred in the service, at the age of fifty and a half years. He was a fine officer, of soldierly bearing and efficient. In Addison county he was a man of marked influence.

Addie E. Castle, daughter of Corporal Wm. H. Castle, of Castleton. Corporal Castle enlistled as private in Co. C., 11th Regiment, Vermont Volunteers, August 13, 1862. Was promoted June 28, 1864. Wounded in front of Petersburgh, April 2, 1865. Mustered out June 5, 1865.

Minnie J. Poreau, daughter of Jack Poreau of Pittsford, private in Company G, 12th Vermont Volunteers, Aug. 21, 1862.

Philip R Leavenworth, youngest son of Capt. Abel E. Leavenworth, 9th Vermont Volunteers. Capt. Leavenworth enlisted as private May 24, 1862 ; was made first sergeant July 9, 1862 ; promoted first lieutentant, November 17, 1862; captain, December 4, 1864. Mustered out at Richmond, Va., June 13, 1865.

Minnie J. Williams, daughter of George F. Williams, of Rutland. Mr. Williams enlisted in the First Regiment Frontier Cavalry, January 4, 1865.

Helen R. Lawrence, daughter of Serg. Rodney R. Lawrence, of Hubbardton, who enlisted as private in Company C., 7th Regiment Vermont Volunteers, Nov. 20, 1861; corporal November 1, 1862; re-enlisted February 15, 1864; sergeant July 1, 1864; first sergeant March 12, 1865. Mustered out March 14, 1866.

Service of G. A. R.

The Memorial Service of the G. A. R., was impressively rendered by the John T. Sennott Post, of West Rutland; and the graves of twenty-five heroes were then decorated by detached squads.

The soldiers' graves in the church yard in the village, were decorated by Mrs. A. E. Higley, Miss Carrie Cheever and Dr. James Sanford.

Salute by the Normal Guards.

The Normal Guards marched to the massive cubic monument of Capt. S. G. Perkins, and fired a salute over his grave.

History of Decoration Days in Castleton, By B. W. Burt.

This is the sixteenth annual observance of Decoration Day in Castleton. For three or four years the exercises were not very elaborate; after that an organization was instituted known as Castleton Memorial Association. The first board of officers were : President, F. Parker ; Vice-presidents, J. B. Bromley and L. H. Billings; Secretary, B. W. Burt ; Chaplain, Rev. H. C. Farrar ; Executive Committee, H. Ainsworth, E. J. Hyde, Gertie Sherman, Ella Bromley, George Parker ; Floral Committee, Lucy Noyes, Frances Burt and Margarett Adams ; Flag Bearer, Patrick Byrne; Grave Marker, James Durham. Under the direction of this association the ceremony was much more inspiring and imposing, until discontinued in 1880. The orators during its existence were, E. J. Ormsbee of Brandon, E. T. Hall, Pittsford, C. H. Dunton, J. C. Baker, P. R. Kendall, of Rutland, Rev. Mr. Haynes of Whitehall, Rev. E. T. Hooker of Castleton; all save one were war-veterans. Poems were contributed and read by C. R. Ballard, R. G. Williams, R. T. Ross, A. T. Gorham and W. E. Howard. The Hon. P. W. Hyde officiated as marshal of the day usually ; and music rendered by Streeter's Drum Corps of Castleton, the Cambrian Band of Fairhaven, the Fairhaven Drum Corps, and Castleton Cornet Band. On one occasion a resolution was introduced and read by Rev. L. H. Stone, and adopted, appropriating funds for the purchase of two

head stones for the unmarked graves of two of our deceased soldiers; and he was appointed to carry out the intent of the resolution, which was done before the return of the next Decoration Day. In 1881, an independent observance of the day was successfully conducted, with B. W. Burt, President, L. H. Stone, Chaplain, J. S. Dutton, Marshal. The speakers were Messrs Bromley, Stone, Wallace and others. At the conclusion of the exercises a contribution was taken up to the amount of ten dollars, for the benefit of the band that discoursed music. Speakers beside those above named at different times were Hon. C. M. Willard, Rev. H. C. Farrar, Rev. Lewis Francis, Prof. E. J. Hyde. Many days good delegations from neighboring towns joined us in those Memorial ceremonies. For three years past the services have been conducted under the auspices of the teachers and pupils of the Normal school, that were of an interesting character and reflected honor upon the institution.

Castleton may well feel a just pride that she was one, if not the first town in the west part of the county to commemorate this national Memorial day, set apart to decorate the graves and perpetuate the memory of six hundred thousand heroes that sleep their last, long sleep, in this and other sacred, silent cities of the dead throughout this once distracted, distressed, divided nation, but now a great and glorious Union. And may it so remain until time shall be no more.

[Note by the Compiler.—Mr. B. W. Burt has been a contributor of local news from Castleton to the *Rutland Herald and Globe* for thirty-five years consecutively; and from his reports from year to year, I herewith append the most important additional facts:

1870. Oration by Rev. H. L. Grose, pastor of the Baptist church at Hydeville; poem by C. R. Ballard; Col. F. Parker, marshal; address by Rev. Mr. Ross of Castleton; singing by the Congregational choir. The procession was formed in front of the Brick church at 2 o'clock, P. M.

1871. Addresses by Rev. Mr. Williams, principal of the Seminary, and Rev. L. H. Stone. "The Soldiers' Graves Decorating Association of Castleton," was formed; Col. F. Parker, president; Rev. R. G. Williams, E. H. Armstrong, Mrs. L. H. Stone, and Miss Ruth Peck were elected officers for 1872.

1872. Procession formed in front of the Brick church; Hon. P. W. Hyde, marshal; addresses in the cemetery by Rev. L. H. Stone, Rev. H. C. Farrar, Rev. S. G. Mathewson, Rev. R. G. Williams, and Hon. J. B. Bromley; poem by Rev. W. T. Ross; music by the seminary choir; the Drum Corps acted as escort; Patrick Byrne flag bearer. The following officers were elected for the year 1873: Col. F. Parker, pres.; J. B. Bromley and L. H. Billings, vice-pres.;

B. W. Burt, sec.; Rev. H. C. Farrar, chap.; Hon. P. W. Hyde, marshal; and H. Ainsworth, Geo. Parker, Edward Hyde, Gertie Sherman and Ella Bromley committee.

1873. It was stated that this was the fourth observance of Memorial day in Castleton. The procession was formed in front of the Brick church at 1 o'clock, P. M.; addresses by Rev. S. G. Williams and E. J. Hyde; poem by A. T. Gorham; music by the Hibernian band of Fairhaven; the teachers and pupils of all the schools, the Eagle Fire Company, and citizens were in line. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. J. B. Bromley, pres.; Rev. W. T. Ross and M. H. Cook, vice-pres.; B. W. Burt, sec.; Rev. W. G. Davenport, chap.; P. W. Hyde, marshal.

1874. The citizens and soldiers of Castleton and some of the surrounding towns, formed a procession in the Town Hall Park; address by Rev. R. T. Hall of Pittsford; poem by the Rev. R G. Williams; and recitations by four young ladies of the seminary.

1875. Met in the park of Castleton Seminary at 2 P. M. Addresses by Hon. W. C. Dunton and E. J. Hyde, principal of the seminary; music by Streeter's Drum Corps. The officers were as follows: Pres. Hon. J. B. Bromley; Vice-pres., M. H. Cook; Sec. D. D. Cole; Chaplain, Rev. W. L. Himes; Marshal, Hon. P. W. Hyde

1876. Oration by Joel C. Baker of Rutland; poem by Walter E. Howard; music by Streeter's Drum Corps; J. B. Bromley, pres.; P. W. Hyde, marshal. The exercises were held in the Town Hall Park.

1877. Addresses by Capt. E. J. Ormsbee of Brandon and Rev. E. T. Hooker, of Castleton, music by Streeter's Drum Corps.

1878. Speaking in Town Hall by Rev. E. T. Hooker; music by Castleton Cornet Band. J. B. Bromley, pres.; M. H. Cook, sec.; Rev. W. W. Foster, chaplain; and Pitt W. Hyde, marshal.

1879. The exercises were held in the Town Hall Park. Address by Peleg Redfield Kendall, Esq., of Rutland, short speeches by Rev. E. T. Hooker and Rev. John E. Metcalf. Music by the Castleton Cornet Bank.

1880. Address by Rev. Mr. Haynes, of Whitehall, N. Y. Music by the Fairhaven Drum Corps. T. P. Smith, marshal. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Wallace of the Advent church.

1881. The procession was formed on the village green in front of the Congregational church, at 9 o'clock A. M. Addresses were made in the cemetery by the Rev. John E. Metcalf, Hon. J. B. Bromley, and Rev. L. H. Stone. The well known color-bearer and veteran, Patrick Byrne, bore the flag. J. S. Dutton, marshal; B. W. Burt was president; and music by Castleton Cornet Band.

1882. Decoration under the auspices of the State Normal School, with Prof. Leavenworth as president of the day, and marshal of the procession which formed in the Normal School Park. The pupils of the school, and citizens made up the line.

1883. The procession was formed in the Normal School Park under Capt. A. E. Leavenworth, assisted by Mr. F. L. Johnson of the village school, at 10 A. M., prayer by Rev. Ulric Maynard. Music by the Normal School choir. Exercises by the Primary Department of the Normal School; "Cover them over with flowers." The citizens joined the line.

1884. The procession was formed in the Normal School Park at 10 A. M., under the auspices of the State Normal School. The citizens joined the line; all were under the marshalship of Capt. A. E. Leavenworth.

Since writing the above, Mr. James Brennan informs me that Decoration Day Exercises were quite extensive and very largely attended on Sunday May 30, 1869, and brought forward his diary from which I copy one item of that date: "Quite a large number of people out this afternoon to decorate the graves of soldiers." He said that there were fully one thousand people attending the services.

Castleton was one of the first towns "to strew flowers on the graves of soldiers." This is due to the patriotism of Col. F. Parker; he gathered a large quantity of purple and white lilacs, and tried to get others of his neighbors to go with him to help distribute the tokens of respect to deceased soldiers, but no one could he find who would go with him. But he went *alone* and distributed his flowers to every patriot's grave, with his own heart beating fervently in gratitude to those who died for his and their country. Thus Castleton received the credit of being one of the first, if not *the first* to decorate the soldiers' graves in Vermont. It was very early in the morning of the first Decoration day.*]

Resolutions on Gen. Grant — His Reply.

B. W. Burt, Esq., introduced the following series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the citizens and veterans present:

"In view of the protracted and painful illness of Gen. U. S. Grant, the Nation's Great Defender when in peril:

Resolved, That we extend to him and his family our deepest sympathies at this time of their intense affliction, hoping and praying that his life may be spared to them and the Nation for many years to come.

Resolved, That this expression of sincere regard in behalf of our illustrious war-veteran and ex-Chief Magistrate of the Nation be published with the Proceedings of this Memorial Day; and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded, by the secretary, to Gen. Grant.

These resolutions were followed by appropriate remarks by Rev. Levi H. Stone.

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* The first Decoration Day was in 1868.

Castleton, Vermont, *June* 8, 1885.

Gen. U. S. Grant,

Sir: I herewith enclose a series of resolutions which were presented by B. W. Burt, Esq., and unanimously adopted by the citizens and veterans of the town of Castleton, Vermont, during the Decoration Ceremonies on Memorial Day 1885.

Very Respectfully,

John M. Currier,

Secretary of the Memorial Organization.

New York, *June* 9th, 1885.

John M. Currier,

Dear Sir: Gen. Grant directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 8th inst., and thanks the citizens and veterans of Castleton, for the resolutions passed by them on Memorial Day. It gives General Grant great pleasure to feel that the citizens and old soldiers thought of him.

Respectfully,

F. D. Grant.

Biographical Sketch* of Capt. Selah Gridley Perkins, M. D., by Juliet E. Perkins, M. D.

Captain Selah Gridley Perkins was born in Castleton, Vt., on November 12, 1829. His father was Dr. Joseph Perkins, and his mother Mary Gridley, daughter of Dr. Selah Gridley and Beulah Langdon. As a child he was remarkable for his fine mental capacity and for his strong memory. When only eight years old he was well advanced in his Latin studies. His education was begun at the old seminary in Castleton and he entered Middlebury College when he was fourteen years old. He left there in the same year and entered Union College in 1844. He was graduated in 1847 with the highest honors and received the Phi Beta Kappa key for scholarship. He came to the Castleton Seminary as instructor in mathematics, Latin and Greek under E. J. Hallock. For two years he filled this place with great success, preparing a large class of young men for college before he was twenty-one years old himself.

While teaching, he became a thorough anatomist and chemist. He was demonstrator of Anatomy under Dr. C. L. Ford in Cas-

* Read by Mr. A. E. Highley.

tleton Medical College for two years, although he had not taken a medical diploma. His object was to prepare himself for the place of professor of Chemistry, for which he was eminently qualified by both his taste and acquirements. About this time he passed the necessary examinations and received the degree of doctor of medicine from the college. He had not intended to practice medicine, but owing to his father's earnest request, he changed his mind. As he felt that he could not be trammeled by any particular school of medicine, he went to Waterford, N. Y., at first, to practice and investigate the different branches of his profession. He staid there for two years and built up a remarkably large and lucrative practice.

Becoming weary of this work for which he always had an aversion, Dr. Perkins went to New York to take charge of a weekly scientific journal. But he found that his ideas of the standard which the paper should have, did not and could not agree with those of some of his associates and he left the journal in six months, going to Boston to engage in active business. His father constantly urged him to come to Castleton to assist him in his medical practice, and finally he left Boston and returned to Castleton. For a year he assisted his father, but desiring more freedom, he started out for himself with remarkable success. His practice was in the best sense eclectic, as Dr. Perkins had thoroughly studied all the different medical systems. He feared to use nothing that would cure disease or relieve suffering. In his own words, he sought only to be a "true physician." He refused professorships in two colleges, one in Philadelphia and another in Brooklyn, N. Y., because he could not be bound to any particular school of medicine. With his address to the Class of 1855 of the Castleton Medical College, he formally renounced all connection with any one system.

In 1861, when the war of the Rebellion broke out, Dr. Perkins felt at once that his place was in the army of the union, for his whole life had been a protest against slavery of every kind. Consequently, in September, of that year he enlisted as a private in the 1st Vermont cavalry. He was elected captain of company H., when the regiment was first organized. His company was raised almost entirely through his own efforts. In December, he left Burlington for the seat of war. His record as an officer was one of dauntless courage and stainless honor. He was of the greatest service through his rapidly acquired knowledge of the topography of the country

and through his success in furnishing supplies to the army in and about the Shenandoah valley in Virginia. After the defeat of Banks, Captain Perkins was stationed at Hagarstown, Md. He could have staid there in what to him was ignoble ease, guarding the borders from rebel raids, but he would not do it. He went to Washington and secured by personal solicitation from Mr. Stanton, secretary of war, an order for active service.

In the early part of August, 1862, he passed through the battles before and after Pope's defeat, with many narrow escapes from death. On September 21, while the cavalry were lying at Alexandria, Va., two companies of the 1st Vermont cavalry were ordered to guard the passes of the mountains. Colonel Preston went with companies H. and G. The rebel cavalry were met on the following day at Ashley's Gap, and were driven back. But Colonel Preston and Lieutenant Adams, were severely wounded and Captain Perkins was instantly killed. So died one of the truest of men, and rarest of scholars and one of the bravest soldiers that the Green Mountain State gave to the great struggle for National union and freedom. His body lies in the cemetery on the bluff above the river at Castleton.

Biographical Sketch of Lieut. French, by his sister, Ella A. French.

George Oscar French was born in Castleton, April 25th, 1844. He was the second in a family of six, and the first one taken from that family by death. His boyhood passed, like that of many another country lad, almost unnoticed save by his parents, and little history can now be given of his earlier years.

He was of fair complexion, having blue eyes, and light curling hair. He developed a strong, active figure, and at eighteen was six feet, one and one-fourth inches in height. It is remembered of him that he was always singularly brave. As a child, he cowered before no bugbear and was afraid of no stranger. He took the world in a simple, straightforward way, as free from boastfulness as it was from fear. He was fond of out door sports and innocent frolics, and few people have a keener sense of the ludicrous than he had. Whatever the discouragements or drawbacks he seemed to be able to see the comical side of a case, and a hearty laugh, directed, as often as

not, toward himself, restored his own courage and that of others. A frank, truthful, merry hearted boy, such was our brother always.

He was a bright scholar, and after leaving the country schools, attended the seminary at Castleton. He was not a graduate, but he studied the higher English branches and Mathematics, in which he was proficient. Outside of school, he learned to play the violin.

There is so little to tell in all this that I am inclined to ask pardon for putting it before you, "A born soldier," some one said of him after he wore epaulets, and if unselfishness and steadfastness are the badge of heroes, he may have been, but in his youth no one, least of all himself, thought of any career before him but that of honorable manhood.

That part of his life which has any interest for other than his own people began with his enlistment in the Union army, Aug. 6th, 1862. He was not quite eighteen when Fort Sumter was captured, and through all that year he read eagerly of the war and chafed at his own youth and uselessness. When he had passed his eighteenth birthday, he was anxious to join the army, and all saw that it would be impossible long to keep him with us. He was enrolled at Fair Haven, in Company C, of the 11th Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. A few days afterward he went to Brattleboro where the regiment was mustered in, and where it remained till September 7th. Before leaving Brattleboro he had been appointed sergeant, and he entered on his soldier's duties with the same enthusiasm and thoroughness which he had given to everything else.

His letters through this time are very pleasant reading. The weariness from long marches and lack of food, the shadow of danger and death, had not yet fallen upon him, and he tells us of the journey to Washington where the brigade was to be drilled ready for the defence of that city or for the field; he names the line of forts, among which were Massachusetts, Stevens and Bunker Hill; he describes the barracks, the rifle-pits, the artillery-drill, and sends us a drawing of the great Parrot gun which his division used, and of which he became as proud as a sailor of his ship or a rider of his pony. He bought books on Artillery Tactics and made himself master of the movements. He was complimented for the precision and judgment, with which, as sergeant, he directed the firing, and tells of the compliment and the deed in an off-hand way as if they belonged to some one else. There were some hard lines. The change of water and food, the heat, and severe military duty

brought on a fever which confined him to the hospital for several weeks that fall. In the winter, too, he had an attack of pneumonia, and was obliged to give up work for a short time.

For more than a year the regiment was before Washington, daily expecting marching orders and receiving only rumors of them. In January, 1864, our brother obtained a short furlough, and on returning to the army was promoted to the position of 1st, or Orderly Sergeant. In May, 1864, when Grant had been made commander-in-chief and there was a definite plan of operations, the impatience of the troops around Washington was gratified, and the marching orders really came. On the thirteenth of May the camp was broken up and the troops taken by steamers to the lower Potomac where they landed and marched to join Grant's army near the Rappahannock. Their first real fighting was on the sixteenth of May in one of the series of battles near Spottsylvania. After the engagement, brother wrote home with pride that the regiment was complimented for gallant conduct. Not a man flinched. During the flank movements by which the Confederate army was outgeneraled, a fierce attack was made upon the Union line where these men stood, and those whom they took prisoners said they knew Vermont soldiers *fought*, but the Second Brigade fought as they never saw men fight before. Brother exulted, also, that Gen. Sedgwick had asked for their division in the campaign, remarking that Vermont troops were at a premium. On the first of June, the troops marched fifteen miles in the morning, went on the field and fought all day, and dug intrenchments at night until the men could not stand for faintness. They were in the battle of Cold Harbor where the regiment lost heavily. May 13th, the surgeon reported seventeen hundred thirty-three men fit for duty, June 16th, there were but thirteen hundred twenty-five. June 18th, they are in camp near Petersburgh and the outer defences of that city are theirs. In all this time they had been serving as infantry, but Washington being threatened, they are hurried off to aid the hundred days' men in its defence, and in four days they are at Poolesville, Md., having marched sixty miles, ridden three hundred and eighty by steam and been twenty-four hours on the skirmish line. The people at Washington were glad to see them, and shouted, "Hurrah for the 6th Corps and the 11th Vermont."

On the 28th of June, brother was commissioned 2d Lieutenant.

In the early part of July, the 6th Corps was back at Petersburgh, but was almost immediately recalled to drive the Confederates

from the Shenandoah valley. By forced marches, fording rivers, and fighting, the men were so worn out that some fell by the way and were made prisoners, while others sickened and died from sheer exhaustion. Brother was sick also, and through the month of August was kept in the hospital at Annapolis. He rejoined his regiment September 1st, and shared in the battles of the Shenandoah that autumn, when Sheridan drove Early south and almost laid waste the valley. Sheridan, he believed in thoroughly and the dash and firmness of that officer were a great delight to him after the slow hesitating character of the early part of the war. Brother was wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek, Oct. 19th, by a piece of shell. It was a wound on the left side of the head, cutting to the bone but not dangerous. The captain ordered two men to take him to the rear, but he sent them back to their places and went on alone. He did not leave the regiment while the wound was healing.

While in the Shenandoah he was made acting adjutant of the Battalion and performed the duties of that office for several months. In December, the corps was ordered to Petersburgh again, and went into quarters three miles west of the Weldon railroad. Here they remained throughout the winter, helping in the long siege which tired out Lee's army and made its surrender in the spring of 1865 a necessity. Here they sometimes met the rebel pickets, and brother writes of an encounter with one of their lieutenants. He came up for a parley, asking if some of the Union men might not come and exchange coffee for tobacco which his men had. Brother replied that he dared not let them do so for the rebels were so treacherous. Some of our men had been taken by them while bartering a day or two before. *Some* of them were treacherous, he owned, but not *his* men. They were Early's. "Aha!" said brother, "Early's men; we saw those fellows in the valley last summer." "*Ye-es*" drawled the confederate and retired.

Throughout this time the letters never failed. Filled with accounts of battle and march, enlivened by comical incidents and scraps from the books he had read—bits from Byron, Shakespeare, Dickens—full of courage and hopefulness and affectionate remembrance of everything and everybody at home, but not one unmanly word. We were "to take care of mother;" "father was not to work if unable to do so;" he would help. Above all, we were not to worry about him. He was well, he was "browner and stronger

than an Indian." Indeed, from the tone of the letters, one would think we were in the place of hardship and danger and he was safe at home.

The last letter is dated April 1st, 1865. On the morning of April 2d, the grand forward movement of the armies around Richmond began, and on the 3d, Grant's army entered the rebel capital. But this our brother did not live to see.

Last summer, two of his sisters met a farm-laborer more than twenty miles away, and hearing our name, the man came and inquired if we were relatives of Lieut. French. When he found we were, he told us this story of the last day of our brother's life. He was in command of this stranger's company for a few days, and on the morning of April 2d, when at four o'clock, the men were ordered out, some of them broke ranks and turned to run away. They had done so once before he was put in command of them, and he now called a halt and talked to them of the shame of cowardice. Every appeal which, in the hurry of the moment he could think to make to them, he did, reminding them that they would want their own people and the people of Vermont to be proud of them and not disgraced by them, and he ended with "I will ask you to go nowhere that I do not go first, and if I die, go on over my dead body, but *go on.*" Every one returned to the ranks and there was no more faltering. When the company came back at night they said it was the first time they had ever been officered by a *man.*

They came back—but our brother was not with them. His words had been prophetic, for half an hour after they were spoken, he fell, killed instantly by a ball which struck him in the forehead.

A sad death, you say, for one so young? Yes, and no. For he who told us this, a plain working man like our brother, had carried through these twenty years the memory of those fearless words sealed by that early death, and so felt kinship in that work and courage that he spoke of them with kindling eye and choking voice. Are we wrong in hoping that they may have lived, too, in other hearts, making somewhat braver soldiers on battle-fields where other weapons than artillery are needed? And doing so, surely our brother's death has borne tenfold more fruit than would a long life, ignobly or indifferently lived.

His body was embalmed, but in the delays of that troublous time it was more than a month before it reached us, and had been buried and disinterred at City Point meantime.

Some of his belongings came back, but his sword and pistol had been taken before his body was found upon the field. His clothing, his writing-desk, and a few other articles, we received. Best of all, there came a small, worn volume, the story of that life under whose captaincy His soldiers could say, "I have fought a good fight."

I beg your indulgence if I have given too much praise to this one member of the army. He himself would be the last one to forgive me for having done so, for his modesty quite equalled his courage. Through all his career as a soldier he never boasted. We were not to mention his promotion unless it were necessary. When he sent home his commission, we were not to show it; it might be useful sometime in proving identity or in other ways, but he didn't wish it talked about.

I thank you for your kind attention to his story, and I assure you it is the family feeling that a patent of nobility or a million of money would make us less proud and less rich than we are in the memory of our soldier.

The Veterans dine at the Bomoseen House.

At this stage of the exercises, Capt. Leavenworth turned the balance of the program over to Vice-president J. B. Bromley, and conducted the John T. Sennott Post, G. A. R., under the escort of the Normal Guards and the Castleton Cornet Band, to the Bomoseen House, where a sumptuous dinner was served by the proprietor Mr. H. B. Ellis, as the hospitalities of the citizens of Castleton.

Capt. Leavenworth, having engaged to participate in the Memorial exercises at Fair Haven in the afternoon, took no further part in the exercises here.

Letter* from James Hope, Captain of Co. B, 2d Regt. Vt. Vols.

Watkins, N. Y., *May* 27, 1885.

Dr. John M. Currier,

Dear Sir: I am sorry that I have no time left to gather up a few recollections of Co. B, 2d Vt., that would be of interest for this

* Read by D. D. Cole, Esq.

occasion, for in my estimation no better company ever shouldered their muskets in the late Rebellion. Passing over its organization and mustering into the U. S. service, I will merely say that I reported the company in full to Gen. H. H. Baxter, two or three days before any other company was reported. But owing to a promise he had made to the Bennington company we were not mustered in as Co. A, which we should have been.

I will now pass over all previous events, and state a few facts in relation to the "Boys" in their first battle, Bull Run. On that memorable July morning we found ourselves in camp a mile or so north-east of Centreville, and before daylight, were ordered to "fall in." We were in "light marching order." After the usual delays, and dragging on, we passed through Centreville, over "Cub Run Bridge," ascending the long hill beyond to a blacksmith's shop, with woods on each side of the road, we were there halted to wait further orders. Our regiment at that time was in Gen. O. O. Howard's Brigade with the Maine Boys. I do not recollect ever looking at my watch during that whole day ; so I can give no time, but it was well along in the morning when we came to a halt there, and we remained there, I should think, at least two hours or more.

The battle was raging, and we could hear the firing, and see the puffs of white smoke of the bursting shells, and the red haze hovering over the distant fields. Then came an order to "fall in," "double quick." But instead of marching straight to the fight, we filed into the woods to the right behind the blacksmith's shop, and at a right angle to the direct road, and started off on a double-quick, on that fearfully hot July day, making a long detour, said to be ten miles, but evidently much short of that, we crossed Bull Run, at Sudley church. Everything that could be dispensed with had been thrown away, and the "Boys" stripped to it. Many of them had fallen by the way, overcome by heat and fatigue, so I do not think more than two-thirds or three-fourths reached the battle. Most of their canteens were empty, and the suffering was great. We crossed the Run, passed Sudley church and a small piece of woods, where our field hospital was established, then crossed a long ridge, where we were shelled by the enemy. There were a few casualties here in the regiment but none in Co. B. We then bore to the left, ascending a wooded hill, the backside of which was a bare pasture ; here we found ourselves face to face with the "Johnnies,"

so were halted and commenced firing; were each on a side hill, with a dry ditch between us, but the rebels were in the woods, and we in a bare pasture, so we seldom could see one of them. At one time the enemy raised a U. S. flag in an opening among the trees, and we stopped firing, thinking we were fighting our own men; that gave them an opportunity to pour into us a more deadly fire, which we also returned. After a time, I could not say how long, the colonel gave the order to the regiment to fall back, which, not more than half of the regiment heard; we, on the left did not hear it, and as I saw some of the companies still facing the enemy, and some partly facing to the rear, I thought the regiment was about breaking, and after trying to help rally them, I came back to Co. B, and deployed them as skirmishers down the hill, covering the left front of the regiment and being only half the distance from the enemy, than the rest of the regiment were. Soon after the regiment fell back, and after a while a Maine regiment, I do not know what number, came over the hill and halted twenty-five or thirty rods behind us, fired two rounds and then retired. No other troops came up after that; we kept up the fire without change of position, for about half an hour longer, and then the rebels brought a battery out from behind the woods to the open ground in our left front; I then gave the order to "fall back," marching back common time, up over the hill, loading and firing. This the boys did with no more excitement than if they had been on drill, and not a step quicker than common time, myself and Lieut. John Howe walking behind them, and the rebels peppering away at them all the time. I felt proud of Castleton company that day; they were neither demoralized nor excited, every man was a hero; the cowards had left at the first fire or never got in at all. Co. B, 2d Vt., kept up the fight at least half an hour alone after all other firing had ceased on our side, on our right; and I am quite sure, on the whole field. A number of the boys were wounded and three fell into the hands of the enemy, but none were killed. It was Kirby Smith's brigade we fought, but they did not venture out of the woods till we were out of sight. With a sigh for the dead and warmest wishes for the living.

James Hope,
Capt. Co. B, 2d Vt.

Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion, by D. G. Burt, Private in Co. F. 1st Regt. U. S. Artillery.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Sitting on the deck of the steamship "City of San Francisco," at anchor in Panama Bay ten years ago, in company with a gentleman who had filled a high position in the confederate service during the late war, and a captain in the United States Navy, we spent several hours recalling scenes and incidents which had come under our observation during the four years conflict in which we had all been engaged. When separating for the night the captain turning to me remarked: "it is always pleasant to *me*, to revive these old recollections." So standing here in this beautiful Hillside Cemetery after decorating with fairest flowers the graves of our comrades who shared with us the privations, hardships and glories of those days "that tried men's souls," it seems to me nothing can be more appropriate than narrating, for the instruction of those younger than *us*, who participated in that four years' struggle, some of the recollections that crowd before us like a panorama as it were, only painted on our minds and hearts in colors far more bright and enduring than any artist has ever yet been able to put on the canvass.

During a service that extended through a period of four years, I cannot now recall one incident which I would willingly forget. To me they are like "thrice told tales," or the melodies of "Mother Goose," of which we never tire, and which the more we hear, the better we like them. While they may not be interesting to many of you, they recall vividly to mind the old camp on the hill at Brattleboro, the trip to New York by rail, and the steamer "Elm City," the long and tedious voyage to Ship Island, on the good ship "Wallace," the sand flies, fleas, etc., which infested that place, the whirlwind and storm that occurred while we were encamped there, when we expected every moment to be washed away, and last, but not the least, of our experiences there, the review before old "Ben Butler," as he was called, when in heavy marching order we marched up and down in the sand, when it seemed to me that every step I took would be my last. Our camp at Carrolton and in New Orleans,

the first attack on Port Hudson, followed by the Teche campaign ending with the siege and fall of Port Hudson, and many others which might be enumerated did not time forbid.

The first incident which I call to mind was the feeling of utter desolation and home sickness that came over me about 11 P. M., on the 9th day of December, 1861, when after enlisting for a period of three years "unless sooner shot," my companion who had accompanied me from Castleton, was told by the recruiting officer, just as he took up the pen to write his name, that he could not be taken. A telegram from his father forbade his enlistment. I realized in a moment that I was in and he was out. I would have given worlds had I then possessed them, to have been in the same fix, but it was no use, entreaties to take him were of no avail, be taken he could not. He left me the next day, a stranger in a strange land and among strangers, but I contented myself as well as I could, and made the best of it. My friend, companion and school-mate, Geo. K. Griswold, afterwards laid down his life on one of the battle fields of Virginia. His grave is unknown, but he sleeps as peacefully there as though he was laid among his own kindred here, and numbers one of that countless host

> "Who on fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents have spread."

And

> "Where solemn glory shines around
> The bivouac of the dead."

I was a tired, hot, thirsty and used up boy when in June, 1862, after a walk of three miles through the streets of New Orleans, I boarded the gunboat "Sciota" then lying at the foot of Jefferson street, and inquired if midshipman Woodward, was aboard. I had hardly asked the question when I heard some one sing out from below, "come down here." I knew the voice and descending the stairs found myself with my old friend; but so pale and emaciated I should hardly have known him had I met him on the street. To each one of us it was next to going home. Neither had seen any one from our old home in months, and long and steady was the talk that we indulged in. It was like an oasis in the desert, and was the bright spot in those months spent at Camp Parapet, the tediousness of which was broken only by an occasional review, turning out

at night in answer to the long roll which was frequently sounded, and every one of which proved to be a false alarm.

* * * * *

It was a bright moonlight Sunday night in April, 1863, when the 19th army corps, 30,000 strong, left Baton Rouge on the first advance to Port Hudson. The memory of that night will never fade. As we filed past the old burying ground we could but think of that Sabbath morning in the August before, when Breckenridge, with his forces "came down like the wolf on the fold," and the stubborn fight which ensued after our boys had recovered from their surprise resulting in the defeat of the attackers, but not until after the Union commander Williams had lost his life. Our march was enlivened by the music of many bands. Such familiar tunes as "John Brown's body," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," etc., being accompanied by the voices of thousands of stalwart men, until the pine woods through which we were marching seemed to be alive with melody.

The next Tuesday evening the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, consisting of the 8th New Hampshire, 4th Wisconsin, 133d, and 162d New York Infantry and Battery F 1st U. S. Artillery under command of Col. H. E. Paine, 4th Wisconsin, were ordered to take the advance, and about dusk formed line of battle about three miles from Port Hudson, in anticipation of an attack from the enemy. About ten o'clock the fleet under the command of Rear Admiral Farragut began a bombardment of the place; we were not near enough to see the ships or the fire from the batteries, but could see the shells as they rose from the guns of the fleet, the burning fuse giving them the appearance of a star as they rose and fell. As they appeared in the sky and as the river front was illuminated by the flash of the guns both from the shore batteries and the ships, the scene was one never to be forgotten. About an hour after the bombardment began, we could see that one of the ships was on fire. For an hour the fire seemed to be stationary, and as the flames rose higher and higher, as they crept up the masts and through the rigging, no words can express the sublimity of the appearance of the ill fated boat. Finally she began to float down the stream and we watched and watched as it receded from our view until with one loud explosion that shook even the ground where we were laying, every thing grew black and dark, and the shattered hulk of the frigate "Mississippi" sank to the bottom of the river after which she was named. The next morning we were informed that Farragut with the "Hartford"

and " Albatross " had passed the batteries, the object of the expedition had been accomplished, and we were ordered back to Baton Rouge.

It was at the battle of Bisland, La., that I first saw the horrors of war, when my chosen friend Frank Lawrence, standing close to me was struck in the head by a solid shot, and died without a groan. Here it was that a piece of railroad iron fired from an old fashioned 32 pounder struck a young man named Miles in the side, instantly killing him, together with four of the grey horses attached to the caisson of which he was one of the drivers, overturning the caisson and scattering blankets, knapsacks, etc., all over the field.

* * * * *

I wish that I could tell of the trip through the Teche country, one of the most fertile and best cultivated sections of Louisiana, the time when we lived, as it were, on the fat of the land. Our assault on Port Hudson the 27th of May, 1863, and that memorable day to us June 14th, when from early morning until after dark we vainly tried to force an entrance into that stronghold, the visits back and forth during the intervening days under flags of truce, when we would exchange coffee, papers, and tobacco, for cornmeal; and other things of interest that occurred up to that 8th day of July, when the place surrendered.

One only must suffice for my time is short. The rebels had mounted on the bank of the river a ten inch columbiad, which as it was on a pivot could be turned to any direction. They probably thought that the Yanks wanted some thing to amuse them, so they brought the " Lady Davis" (as that was what the gun was christened) into play, every night just after sun down they would begin by firing towards us a shell. The gun was located some three miles from where we were, and after the first night or two, we began to expect our regular visitor. As soon as it was safe for one to put his head above the cotton bale breast works we would watch for it. Soon the flash of the gun would be seen, followed by the shell which we could tell by the fuse as it approached us. As it came nearer and nearer we would make ready and at the proper time drop. The explosion of the shell would be followed by a whizzing sound very much as though it were saying to each of us, where are you ? where are you ? Chug ! as the pieces would be buried in the ground.

The tree under which my shelter tent was pitched was struck by a shot one night and if ever I moved rapidly it was when I got out-

side of that tent. Remembering the old adage that lightning never strikes in the same place twice, I concluded not to move my house, furniture, etc., but kept it there as my base of operations during the rest of the siege.

My friends, twenty years have passed since that memorable April morning when Lee laid down his arms to our great Commander Grant, and nearly as many have gone by since the custom of decorating the graves of our comrades was begun by the "Grand Army of the Republic."

"The boys in blue are turning gray. Each year their ranks grow thinner," and many who met with us on that first decoration day have passed to the other shore. To some of us who have met here to-day this may be the last time that we shall participate in exercises of the kind. As we leave this place for our homes let us reflect upon the grand results that have followed the labors and hardships of our comrades. We are once more a united and unbroken people knowing no North, no South, no East, no West. Peace is a constant dweller among us, and no sounds of strife or contention are heard in our land. The blue and the gray mingle together in one great company, each vying with the other in their love to our country and its institutions, and to-day they march hand in hand on the same errand of love in which we are now engaged. Let us then teach our children never to forget that the blessings which we now enjoy were procured after years of struggle at the cost of many lives and the spilling of much blood. Let us tell them oft, "of battles fought, of victories won," and never to forget the great men under whom we served and who led us on to victory. Teach them to emulate their example, to love and cherish the old flag, and above all teach them that ours is a goodly country, and our nation is, and always will be inseparable, for we know

"What Master laid its keel
What workman wrought its ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of its hope."

Reminiscences of 1812, by Hyde Westover, Esq.

[We are indebted to Mrs. L. J. P. Wilkins for writing out the incidents related by Mr. Westover. They were read by Col. Ferrand Parker.—Compiler.]

Hyde Westover enlisted in the company of "Light Horsemen" under Capt. Asa Scofield for 60 days, starting from Orwell for Burlington. The main army had gone on ahead, it being called the "Northern Army;" while the "North-western Army" were ordered to form a junction at the French mills, and to make a strike upon Canada. The northern army was commanded by Gen. Wade Hampton of South Carolina. General Wilkinson from Mass., was commanding the north-western army. He gave orders for Hampton to meet him at the French mills.

Hampton's reply to Wilkinson was: "*I* am the senior officer Sir, 'tis for *me* to give the order." That broke up the campaign. Gen. Wilkinson went back to Lake Ontario with his army, while Gen. Hampton returned to Burlington, showing what *mischief jealousy* will do.

Governor Chittenden of Vermont was opposed to the war, consequently he sent Brig. Gen. Davis to call home all the Vermont volunteers. Gen. Clark when he learned what Gen. Davis had been doing, he wanted four or five of Capt. Scofield's boys (as he called them) to take a ride with him, for the purpose of pursuing the general who was on his way home at that time; reaching Cumberland Head in the evening where Gen. Clark overtook him with his boys; addressing Maj. Olds, who was landlord of the hotel, in these words: Where is that *damned scoundrel* that carries news to the British? His answer was: Gen. Davis is in the other room. Gen. Clark entered the room; his remark was: my orders are for you to return to Plattsburgh with me. His reply was: I have no conveyance. You can go *on foot, Sir*, said Gen. Clark; but on reflection, he said: Davis, if any of these boys will take you on behind them, you can ride to Plattsburgh. One of them did so; after riding in that way a short distance, he says: you did not know, you were carrying a brigadier general behind you. The reply was: Brigadier general or brigadier devil, I'll carry you where Old Rifle tells me.

Starting from Champlain early in the morning for Plattsburgh, twenty-one miles distant, having reached that point before daylight

was gone, we ferried ourselves, with our horses across from Cumberland Head to Grand Isle. After crossing the island, we had to cross what was called a sand bar, no road in sight, from there to Georgia, the first stopping place, after leaving Champlain, where we partook of some refreshments and fed our horses. It was dark but we followed our officers to the stream, we were obliged to cross ; a rope being stretched across, fastened at both ends, we placed our horses in a boat, and pulling upon this rope, moved the boat along so that we reached the other side with the entire number of thirty or forty horses; only three or four could be taken over at one time; this accomplished we rode until nearly daylight, raining hard much of the time. We found a large barn with two doors, both open, into which we rode. It was well filled with hay, with which we fed our tired and hungry horses.

At this point we were in sight of the village called Slab city, where we were to stop. Gen. Clark advising Capt. Scofield to stretch out his men that the number might seem greater than it really was, he exclaimed: "Damn um, make them think there are 10,000 of us." Not until we reached this point did we know what we were after. Close to the village in a large meadow was a drove of forty-five or fifty cattle. The officers set the men to drive them into the village, stationing men in each corner to prevent the cattle from getting away. Cries came from the women for their milch cows, for their children's sake. Gen. Clark then said: "if you have such cows in here, *take them* out, *they* are *not* what we are after, it is the cattle that were driven in here by the *damned Tories* that we want." Two men came up and claimed seven head of oxen which they said, *never* were in the States. The officers let them take them out. The next day while driving the remainder of them along, an old gentleman, a farmer came down to the road, said: "I don't see my old oxen in here." We asked him about them and his reply was, that they were *all* driven from that neighborhood, seven head in all. Then we found we had been deceived. At first thought the officers were inclined to go back for them, but gave it up after considering it a little. Capt. Potter had pledged himself to deliver twenty-one head of cattle when called for, but notwithstanding his large locks on the doors, to his surprise, in the morning the cattle were *all* gone, but were found by some of the company in a swamp ; 20 alive while *one* had been dressed, the quarters hung upon the branches of a tree, and the *hide* and tallow rolled up and lay at the

foot of the tree. The latter were again placed in Capt. Potter's yard, watched by the company that night. The beef was brought out in quarters on the backs of horses, by some of the company. This occurred in the northern part of the state, but the cattle were driven to Burlington and sold.

Personal Recollections of the "Boys in Blue," 1861–5, by James Brennan.

Perhaps it may seem somewhat out of the beaten path for one who was only a high private in the home guards, during the eventful four years of trial through which our loved country emerged twenty years ago, for one more used to implements of toil than handling the pen of the biographer, or the historian, to attempt narrating any of the deeds or incidents pertaining to the glorious struggle, but although prevented by fortune, good or ill, as the case may be viewed, from actively participating in the cause of the Union, I took a deep, I may say a fraternal interest in the noble "boys in blue," especially the gallant lads from our own section; and from observation, and information have accumulated incidents and reminiscences pertaining to them, which by request, I will attempt to narrate as best as I can. One cannot well detail events pertaining to the lives and deeds of those vanished spirits without incidentally connecting the living veterans, without occasionally mingling the jocose with the serious. The beautiful and patriotic ceremonies of the day, fitly symbolizing the ever fragrant memories of the patriot dead, bring to me none of the sad, wailing and sorrowful atmosphere of the tomb, that mournful episode is of the past, in those beautiful floral tributes to the brave men, who in their day served their country faithfully, I see but loyal honor to their memories and renewed incentives for the living to emulate their patriotism and devotion. In these few imperfect lines I propose to speak of the soldiers only as I knew them, how they lived, what they said, how they fought and how they died, and in doing so would not knowingly pen a word unfitting the place or occasion, or one calculated to wound the sensibilities of any living friend.

The reverberations from the guns of Sumpter had scarcely ceased when the people of Castleton commenced preparing for the coming storm, in less than three weeks Capt. Hope's company

(afterwards B, of the 2d Vt.), with full ranks were taking daily on the village green, their preliminary lessons in military tactics. The company had their headquarters in the old Mansion House, then standing on the ground now occupied by the Bomoseen House. A brave and earnest set of boys they were, but when not on duty rollicking and jolly enough ; they certainly made things lively in and around Castleton during the balmy spring days of 1861, now twenty-four years gone. There was a flour store kept in one portion of the old barracks, and one of their amusements was trying to shoulder and walk around with a barrel of flour, a feat but few of them could accomplish. Among nearly a hundred stalwart boys I can recall but George Eddy and Horace Tower. There came from Dorset and Manchester and joined the company, a comical fellow named Frank Jordan and a laughter-loving and light-hearted young Irishman named William Mahoney. Jordan commonly called "Manchester," when inspired by an unprofessional dose of "*Vini Gallici*" was noted for his unlimited capacity for perpetrating doggerel, on each and every occasion. Reeling in one day when Geo. Eddy was waltzing around with a barrel of flour on his shoulder, he was invited to try his hand at the job. Manchester at once allowed "that he had the power to shoulder a barrel of flour much quicker than Hod Tower, and when he got sober and ready could do it as quick and as handy as big George Eddy." While the regiment was at Camp Underwood, Burlington, prior to starting for the seat of war, Manchester got rather boisterous one day, was arrested and the colonel caused him to march up and down the parade ground with a huge bag of sand on his shoulder; he at once began singing an improvised song: "When a poor soldier gets so drunk he can scarcely stand; Glory Hallelujah. The cruel colonel marches him up and down this choking sand; Glory Hallelujah." His melody was cut short by a stern threat from the colonel to have him gagged. Poor Manchester made a good soldier and probably fills an unknown grave on southern soil ; and after life's fitful fever brave jolly George Eddy responded to the final roll call two years ago in Rutland; no doubt loving and patriotic hands have this day strewn his honored grave with fragrant memorial flowers. Gallant Billy Mahoney fills gloriously a soldier's grave. He was discharged from the 2d Regt. Vt. Vols., for disability early in 1862. He came back to Vermont and passed a pleasant week in Castleton among friends here. I learned from him several months after, that he had recovered and joined the 10th Vt., whose color

bearer he became; no record of valor or soldierly devotion to the flag, not even the heroic deed of his countryman Sergeant Jasper, of Revolutionary fame, who immortalized himself in its defence at Fort Moultrie, can eclipse the heroic daring and devotion recorded of brave Sergeant Mahoney. In an action by his regiment while on the advance to Mine Run, advancing under a murderous fire they halted and wavered for an instant at a rail fence, Billy sprang like a deer over the fence, waved his colors as encouragement, the men instantly followed, drove the enemy from the crest of the hill they had occupied and held it until after sunset under a heavy fire from artillery and infantry at short range.

At the battle of Cedar Creek on the 19th of October, 1864, the rebels had captured three pieces of artillery, a charge of the 10th Vt., was ordered and with the colors in front they advanced with aalcrity; charged up to the guns and recovered them; Sergeant Mahoney was the first to reach them and planted his colors firmly on one of the cannon, but at the immediate sacrifice of his brave heart's blood; a moment later his lifeless form was borne to the rear by his victorous comrades with the idolized flag of his adopted country firmly held in his dead embrace. Let us be thankful that the honored veteran who in other and stormier days, bore the stars and stripes through the iron hail of death on many a bloody field. Sergeant Byrne, who never wavered, shirked his duty, or surrendered his colors, though wounded nigh unto death, is alive and with us this peaceful Memorial Day, bearing the old flag as steadily as in the days that tried men's souls.

Orders against unauthorized foraging were generally quite strict in the army. On an occasion when the 2d Vt., were in camp at Brandy Station, Col. (then Captain) Johnson was passing up a road near the camp, he heard a rustling in the bushes near and looking sharply in discovered private James Bromley, preparing to dress a yearling sheep whose throat he had just cut; the captain at once "went" for Jim pretty sharply for his violation of orders; he started up with a half comical, half frightened look and affecting an air of injured innocence, exclaimed : "Yes captain the orders are all right, but I aint a going to allow any darned sheep to bite me." James was a peculiar fellow in many respects, but underneath his apparent oddity his heart beat as true to the cause of the Union as did that of his ancestors at Lexington or Bunker Hill when trying to found it. In the winter of 1865, having by meritorious conduct

been promoted to a sergeancy in his company, he was given a furlough and returned to visit his home in Danby, but in March, movements at the front began to give token of operations indicating the culmination of the long protracted struggle around the rebel capital. James grew uneasy at home. "I guess they can use Jim Bromley to about as good advantage down yonder now as ever," he said and started to rejoin his regiment. Before the expiration of his leave of absence and almost in the hour of final victory, he met a brave soldier's death April 2d, 1865, while gallantly charging with fellow Vermonters on the misguided enemies of his country's flag.

In Oct., 1862, some days after the battle of Antietam, while the boys were on the march to Fredericksburgh, Va., one evening, after a hard day's march, Theodore King, Mike Hynes and "Eph." Potter, went down to a stream to fill their canteens and wash up; the report of a rifle near by startled them and the next instant a fine Southdown sheep broke through the thicket at their very feet, quick as a flash, "Eph" had his knife out, the sheep's throat was cut, and "Eph's" overcoat thrown carelessly, but securely over the carcass ; but none too soon, for directly two stalwart foragers with rifles poised appeared on the scene, making earnest inquiries for the vanished mutton. "Mike" Hynes in his gravest and most sedate manner assured them that they had not seen any stray sheep. No doubt his honest and austere countenance bore such a striking resemblance to the "Father of his Country" the searchers were convinced "he could not tell a lie," and continued their hunt in another direction. "Ethan" then and there first displayed his skill as a butcher, and the boys had mutton chop, mutton stew, and mutton roasted for supper; and choice slices of juicy mutton filled their knapsacks for the morrow's rations. I would not wish to vouch for the truth of camp rumors, or gossip, but it has been seriously hinted that the long legs of one of the actors in this little drama of the past, could carry him on a forced march in pursuit of a fat pullet or a frisky lamb as rapidly as ever they bore him to any bloody battle field from Bull Run to the Wilderness, but in consideration of the hardships he cheerfully endured for the old flag, his body perforated with honorable wounds in his country's defence, the many reminiscences of army life he has favored me with, and the honor he has this day shown to his departed comrades I can freely forgive him even had he appropriated the last chicken in the confederacy.

Through the haze of a quarter of a century, in memory I see on our streets again, plucky, loquacious, little Tommy Durham, then commonly called "Chub;" in his regiment Thomas was known as the "Company Atlas," he kept a diary in queer doggerel of all the army movements, criticized and planned campaigns with the gravity and self assurance of a major general. "What in thunder does little Mac. mean attempting such a movement as this at this time?" he would exclaim, "I'm blamed if I can understand this mixed plan of campaign myself;" but when the time came for soldierly duty and daring, his old mother Albion never sent a pluckier or sturdier son to face the frowing ramparts of Quebec or the dark and grim Redan. At the terrible triangle at Spottsylvania, May 12th, 1864, in common with his Vermont comrades he displayed the most unflinching bravery; rather than yield an inch he surrendered his brave life, his sturdy body pierced with numerous bullets.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for alluding to a dear and cherished Castleton boy, whose honest voice and happy boyish laughter often resounded on our streets in the sunny days long past, the melody of whose hammer and saw industriously plied on many of our village houses, often broke the stillness of the summer air. The breaking out of the war found him in Minnesota, he promptly enlisted in the 2d Wisconsin Volunteers and followed the fortunes of his gallant but ill fated regiment wherever duty called. Regarding his fate permit me to read a communication which appeared in the *Rutland Herald* of July 18th, 1863, from the pen of the soldier's friend, the veteran Castleton correspondent of that paper:

"Believing you to be always willing to chronicle the deeds of Vermonters, done in the defence of their country's flag, whether done by our own volunteers or such of them as are in the ranks of distant states, I send you for publication a letter recently received by a young man in this town conveying intelligence of the death of a loved brother, a member of the brave 2d Wisconsin Regiment, he was a native of this town, had many friends here and elsewhere who will be pained to learn of his early death.

"Camp 2d Wisconsin Volunteers,
"near Emettsburg, Maryland, *July* 6, 1863.

"Mr. James Brennan.

"*Dear Sir:* I am under the painful necessity of informing you that your brother Michael was mortally wounded on the first inst. at the battle of Gettysburgh, Pa., while gallantly charging on the enemy, from the effects of which he died the same day. He died

nobly performing his duty, peace to his ashes. My sympathies are with you in mourning the loss of a good man and brother, and a true and brave soldier. If there is any information you wish that I can give, I will cheerfully furnish it.

"Very respectfully yours,

"Wm. H. Harries,

"Commanding Co. B., 2d Wisconsin Volunteers.

"Mike was about 30 years old and no one here who knew him is disappointed at the assurance of his commanding officer that he died a brave and good soldier. (Signed) B. W. B."

When the war broke out sturdy Peter Donelley, was working at the blacksmith's trade in this, his native town with Mr. Dutton, he joined the first company organized here but some misunderstanding caused him to withdraw in considerable vexation, but in the dark days of '62, when Company C, of the 11th Vermont, was organizing in this section, Peter threw off his apron one day and enlisted. A few days afterwards a friend who was partaking of a little refreshment with him says in half jest, "Pete, I thought you vowed when you kicked on the 2d, that the country might 'tumble,' you would never shoulder a musket;" "yes, James," Peter responded, "but things have changed, the crisis is now upon us and I feel I must participate." But if one of those Louisiana "Tigers" should come for you with his sabre-bayonet in poise, how would that strike you? "Well my brave stay-at-home, I assure you I should be ready for the onset." The words spoken half in jest however, characterized the soldierly career of brave Sergeant Donelley. In one of the fierce fights near the Weldon railroad, where his brave and talented Lieut. Sherman fell, I believe, on the evening of the 23d of June, 1864, during desultory fighting on the skirmish line, brave Peter was slain; none of his fellow soldiers saw him fall, but at the gray dawn of the following morning his body was found and buried by his comrades, and his resting place carefully and sorrowfully marked by the hand of George Oscar French, his surviving friend. They had been school mates and playmates in the same district, and familiar companions when advancing to manhood. Brave young French's memory has to-day received fitting tribute from the pen of affection — a gifted pen, one well qualified for the loving task, but I feel impelled to offer an expression of the admiration I entertain for the memory of a gallant soldier, whom I knew in the long ago days as a modest and intelligent boy, and whose clean and

manly record in the army of the Union did no discredit to that glorious old brigade, the memory of whose achievements will survive so long as admiration for courage and devotion finds a resting place in the human heart. At Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill and the grand struggle around Richmond, which witnessed nearly the last throes of the dying confederacy, the tall and handsome form of the brave youth was ever seen at the post of duty. Of the glorious termination of his young life, permit me to quote the following sentence from the report of the officer commanding his brigade detailing their operations on the memorable 2d of April, 1865. "The young and gallant Lieut. French fell pierced through the brain while at the head of his company, leading them on to victory."

The winter after poor Donelley's death, his burial place then being within our lines, his body was recovered by his kindred, and buried in the Catholic cemetery in Fairhaven, where the remains of his parents repose. His people thought his inanimate clay the only memento that would ever reach them from the war-blighted soil where he had so bravely fought and nobly died. But in the summer of 1865, when the white-winged dove of peace guarded, let us hope by the angel of reconciliation, was hovering once more over an undivided country, his sister Rosie, now Mrs. W. S. Warner, received a letter mailed in Richmond, from the rebel soldier who had met and killed her brother on that fatal June night, a year before. He stated that he had taken possession of his effects and he returned to her a letter the poor lad had a few hours before his death, written to her; he said he had his portmonnie and several other things belonging to him which he would cheerfully return, if she desired and would furnish particulars of his death. He expressed regret for the deed, but considered it one of the results inseparable from the fratricidal struggle they had been engaged in and hoped the people of the North and South would soon be one, in every thought and feeling. According to request he soon after returned to her all her dear brother's effects, even to a prayer book and a copy of Casey's Tactics, he had in his pocket when killed. I make the following extract from his letter: "Acording to request I will now state how I came to kill your brother: we met on the evening of the 23d of June, on the farm of Dr. Gurley, some five or six miles from Petersburgh, I supposed him to be a scout sent out to make a reconnoissance and as that was also my business, I ordered him to

halt, he defiantly refused the second time, and turned as if to leave when I fired, and he fell. I went to the poor fellow and found him past speaking and nearly dead. He made signs for water which I got him and he soon after died. He was a good looking young soldier, in an artillery sergeant's dress, well clothed and equipped. I deeply regretted that I had no time to bury him, but in passing the same spot the next day I saw a new made grave which I supposed to be his. I am glad you have his body, and hope you can forgive me for the deed, as you well know it might under the circumstances have been my lot to be slain by him."

He further stated that he was born and raised near the city of Richmond, enlisted in April, 1861, in the Richmond Greys (12th Va. Regt.), Gen. Mahone's Division, Gen. Lee's army; was twice badly wounded; the last time, some weeks after the incidents just related, during a charge on Gen. Burnside's colored troops, at the explosion of the mine, July 30th, 1864, and from the effects of those wounds had never fully recovered.

The pale shadowy tents of those departed defenders of the Union are faintly looming across the dim voiceless valley. Many of the gallant men of 1861 to 1865, are making rapid marches in that direction, and ere another Memorial Day, will have joined the silent encampment. In view of the gallant deeds performed by those noble boys in blue, and the glorious results they helped to acomplish for us, let their names and deeds be perpetuated and their memory lovingly cherished by those of us who for a brief hour, yet tarry this side the big divide.

Reminiscences of the 1st Regt. Vt. Vols., by the Chaplain, Rev. Levi H. Stone.

The sentiment contained in the following stanzas from "Miles O'Reilly" are a fitting preface to the services of this hour, and if *felt* by us will aid in rendering the occasion fruitful of good, now and hereafter:

"Comrades known in marches many
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers let us ever be.

"Wounds and sickness may divide us
Marching orders may divide us
But whatever fate betide us
Brothers of the *heart* are we.

"By communion of the Banner
Battle scarred, but victory Banner
By the baptism of the Banner
Brothers of one church are we.

"Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor Nation can divide us
But whatever fate betide us
Brothers of the Flag are we.

"Comrades known by faith the dearest
Tried when death was near and *nearest*
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be.

"And if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder
And with hearts no throb the colder
Brothers *ever we* will be."

No day of the year, the Sabbath excepted, is more deserving of special, thoughtful, and tender notice than our decoration day.

Periods of our country's history will most naturally come before the *thinking* patriotic mind. The old thirteen will appear on the canvas protesting and remonstrating against the severe and cruel edicts of the Mother Country, to be answered by demands still more inhuman, till further submission seemed *not* a *virtue,* but weakness and a *vice.* Hence our young Congress after patient consideration of such a movement, and the results that *might*, and probably would follow, on July the 4th, 1776, adopted that most wonderful paper: *The Declaration of American Independence*, a document, which for clearness and compactness of statement and fullness and conclusiveness of argument, is not excelled by any state paper in the archives of this or any other nation.

Then of course, followed the *revolutionary* seven years war, for these upstart and disloyal *colonies* must be subdued. But what force can be brought against the British lion?

Our government then, was imperfectly organized, with but little power at home, and no credit abroad. Our military composed of

farmers fresh from the field and the plough, the mechanic from the shop, and the merchant from the store. Can these compete with the trained armies of England — on the sea and on the land — a military well drilled, well fed and gorgeously clad, and the wealth of the world behind? Against this mighty host our fathers were to contend. Aye more, and against the hired tomahawks and scalping knives of the Indians. But such were the principles of these fathers of the Revolution, such their love of learning, liberty and religion, to be obtained if need be, at sacrifice of property, ease and life, that with them God ordained the defeat of England and the birth and growth of our country; and from its start, after the war though poor, yet we have grown from Washington's administration, through all political changes, from federal to democrat and from democrat to whig, from whig to republican and now democrat again, so that instead of the original thirteen states with three millions of people, we are now a nation of thirty-eight states with a population of sixty millions and territory almost without measure, states and territories rich in soil, forests and minerals grading from lead and iron to silver and gold, absolutely an *over* abundance in each and all. But an echo from the south. Deluded men have fired on Sumter. The old flag has fallen. Rebels *seem* to have triumphed.

The news to the nation is like the shock of an earthquake. Are we going to pieces? Is the history of a free government coming to be admired and imitated by other countries, about to be blotted from the records of the world? *No*, God has not so ordered. To preserve our country intact, is the *sworn duty* of the president, hence Abraham Lincoln calls upon the loyal states for aid, for this is an instance where force is to be arrayed against force. Preaching and praying though good and wise, are not the means to be used exclusively in replacing the *iron band* which should *hug* the revolting states to their places. How promptly the states responded to the president's call, history has informed you. If any country in any age has shown more of self sacrifice than was shown here, we know not when nor where it was. Really men seemed to count not their ease and lives that our *united* country might be perpetuated. Wearying marches, hunger and death, more or less, were to be expected, but who should be the victim could not beforehand be known. Pope's idea was a stimulating shield. He says :

> " Heaven from all creatures holds the book of fate
> All but the page prescribed their present state.

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he *thy* reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future thus kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven."

Ignorance and *hope* imparted courage. Insult to the nation's flag, a flag hitherto respected in all nations and on all seas, added nearly *madness* to courage. How rapidly the army was made up to the required numbers and readily filled with new recruits, when vacancies occurred, I need not dwell to inform you. Of the character and valor of officers and men, of their general intelligence, skill, courage, and success in battles, achieving victory after victory, till the climax of victories came, in the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee, with his misguided rebel host, I have no occasion to speak. Their deeds have been set forth by orators and poets, in story and in song, and to their *sparkling eulogies*, we *heartily* respond, in *a loud Amen.* But you will indulge me with a moment, while I allude to several things interesting to me and others of the 1st Vermont Regiment. Much might be said very justly of its superior make up, including as it did many from the learned professions, students from colleges and seminaries, intelligent farmers and mechanics. But we will not be guilty of fulsome contrast.

John Walcot Phelps, was commissioned 1st colonel, by Governor Erastus Fairbanks, May 2, 1861. Col. Phelps was a graduate of West Point, and had served in the war with Mexico. His military experience and high toned patriotism and morality rendered him a suitable person for the position. Peter T. Washburn of Woodstock was commissioned lieutenant colonel. This regiment left Rutland May 7th, passing through this town, as many of you will remember, arriving at Fortress Monroe on the 13th.

We were soon removed to "Newport News," a point on the shore of James river. As other regiments were coming to the same point, Col. Phelps was made commander of the "Post" and Lieut. Col. Washburn acted as colonel; of both of these officers I can speak in high terms. To their chaplain they were very courteous, Col. Phelps as commander on his *feet* was always at home. But on *horse back* seemed fearful. The horse sent to him was too full of *mettle* and spirit, so he would mount occasionally an *old plug* of a thing and curl his heels to its side like a boy, unused to riding, and in fear of

falling off. The appearance was comical. He was humane and cared tenderly for his men. Once we were at breakfast, a messenger came for a physician; said Surgeon Sanborn, let him wait till "surgeon's call." Col. Phelps straightened back in his chair, and said, I have seen the time when I could not well wait, a surgeon is needed *when* he is needed. The rebuke was *felt* and heeded. Once after a sermon from his chaplain from the text, "Show thyself a man," in which effort was made to fortify men against the evils of the camp so far from the "keeping influences of home," Col. Phelps said "officers and soldiers, we have had good instruction, let us heed it. We are Vermonters. When we left our homes, we brought our character with us. Let us behave so, that if we *return* we can take our good name back with us. 'Fall into line.'"

These sentences, were like a nail, driven by a master's hand. Coming from an officer, they were doubly impressive.

On a certain afternoon, some of our men conceived it smart, and perhaps right to go out on a foraging excursion. By and by they returned with a horse and an old wagon, loaded with various household articles, such as old chairs, a pot and kettle, an old fashioned spinning wheel, a few dead, *thin*, small hogs and a half-dozen half-grown goslings such as no one but a *starving* person would think of eating. Said Col. Phelps, what idea stimulated to this act? The pigs and geese you would not eat, the wheels we have no use for, we are here to teach our Virginia friends good manners and the value of order and law, but such deeds will strengthen them in acts of rebellion. No more of this, sergeant cause this load to be returned at once.

These instances illustrate the principles of Col. *finally* General Phelps. I have frequently met him since the war and found him the same earnest, warm friend. The last time in Brattleboro when rods away, discovering me on the street he hastened towards me and with extended hand: Chaplain I am glad to see you. Please dine with me to-day. I am at the "Brooks House." He was a good scholar in Latin, Greek and French. He was universally esteemed for his integrity and if he had enemies, it was because of quite determined opposition to secret societies and more especially to Freemasonry. He died last winter in Guilford, his native town I believe.

Col. P. T. Washburn was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a lawyer of high standing. He possessed naturally a military turn, was a good and I fully believe conscientious commander; and what

could not be said of all in his position, he was thoughtful of the rights and wishes of his chaplain. Like this: "Chaplain, what are your purposes about service this Sabbath?" "Well, Col., I have thought if pleasing to you, we would have our service in connection with dress parade." The Colonel replied "that will please me and others. Then the entire regiment will be present." The regiment in *hollow square* gave me a better audience than can be found in any town in Vermont.

In Oct., '61, Col. Washburn was elected adjutant and inspector-general of Vermont in place of General H. Baxter and was continued in office till 1866, when he declined further election. His work in this department was admirably done, showing himself, an accurate accountant, a skillful organizer and a sincere patriot; subsequently he was elected governor of the state and died in Woodstock during his term of office, which was completed by Lieut.-Governor Hendee.

Mr. President I am overstepping the limit of time allotted me, and will therefore ask indulgence but for a moment. I allude to but one person more and he a private, and to him, because of the lesson of patriotism in the narrative. I allude to Benjamin Underwood of Bradford, and member of Company K, Bradford. He was the son of a widow and aged 23 years. He was tall, a fine figure and a color bearer. He hesitated about going to the war, but the company desired him to go. He felt since the oldest son he must remain and manage the farm. Said the good, godly mother, Benjamin, if Capt. Andrus and the company wish you to go, I think you had better go. It may be your duty, to help defend our common country, as well as others, I and the younger boys will manage the farm. This consent and advice settled the question.

He was exposed to measles as was supposed, on his way to Rutland, the place of "rendezvous," was sick and on his arrival at Fortress Monroe, went immediately into hospital, and died in a few days. He was buried away out among the pines where others before him were laid. The march to his burial place, with arms reversed, was solemn in the extreme. His mother's and brother's grief was taken up by all and his company was in tears. He was tenderly lowered into his grave, a short address and prayer by his chaplain, the firing of the military burial salute, and all was over. But the mother and son are now where strife and grief are not known.

What Saved the Union? By J. Albert Libby.

What saved the nation? when treachery bold
Turned on our flag with a heart grown cold,
And legions in arms for her death were enrolled.

What saved the Union? the thundering voice—
Rolling from musket and cannon in poise;
Yes, but behind these the forms of our boys.

What saved the nation? the sabre, and sword,
And bayonets fixed all awaiting the word?
Yes, but behind these the souls that were stirred.

What saved the Union, the wives of the men,
With the mothers, and sisters whose tears falling then,
Hurried the dear ones from mountain and glen?

Yes, but the myriads who rushed to the field
With love for the country that never would yield;
These saved the Union with courage blood sealed.

What saved the Union? the limbs ye have dropped
As a gift to the foe if the war might be stopped,
Soldiers like trees with the branches half lopped.

What saved the nation, the wisdom of braves,
Who marshalled the forces, and made free the slaves?
Yes, and the thousands of boys in their graves.

These saved the Union, and now with our tears,
We fling the May flowers through the on rolling years
Tokens though silent yet stronger than cheers.

God of the nation, now keep us in peace;
As we from warfare, and hatred may cease,
While in our sadness we bend over these.

Castleton, Vt., May, 1885.

Reminiscences of three Days, in and near Mobile, Alabama, in 1865, by Hon. Morris H. Cook, Mem., 7th Regt. Vt. Vols.

At the commencement of the morning of the 12th day of April, 1865, the 7th Vt. Regiment, immediately preceded by the 14th Regiment, Indiana Heavy Artillery, was on the march from Fort Blakeley to the Spanish Fort Landing, *en route* for the city of Mobile, Alabama, then in possession of the rebels.

A sick and tired soldier of the 7th Vt., in this march taking advantage of the darkness of the night, walked beside the 14th Indiana Regiment, until he came to the head of the column, and then would sit down and rest till the entire regiment passed him, and the colors of the 7th Vt., which Gen. Butler defamed without cause, came up ; and then he would resume his weary tramp in the same form. This he often repeated for the entire distance of 12 miles.

The night being rather dark the chance for observation was limited, we passed over quite an extent of corduroy road, and road laid on pontoons, both of which were novel to me, but the darkness prevented observation by sight. We passed a huge pontoon train *en route* for Gen. Steel's army, which was to operate against Gen. Dick Taylor's command, which was supposed to be on the Alabama river. Of all the branches of the service a pontoon train is the elephant of the caravan, in the night time, when it appears at its biggest. It really appeared as we met it, as if the city was moving into the country on wheels ! Strictly it more nearly resembled a regiment of itinerating Daguerreian saloons on the march ! I felt towards it as I do towards a "drum major," when he appears with his baton and bear skin cap, at his biggest, apparently full nine feet high, and as formidable as Goliah of Gath.

About 2 o'clock A. M., the head of this column arrived at the landing of the Spanish Fort, and soon a great shout arose, and cheer on cheer resounded through the Alabama pines. I soon forgot I was tired and walked with my traps and things a full half mile, to find out what there might be so cheerful, to cause such great exultation, and found that a boat just from New Orleans brought the glad tidings that Gen. Lee and his whole army had surrendered to Gen. Grant. To say that we made "the welkin ring," would be tame, we filled all that country with a "joyful noise," we made the tall pine trees of Alabama tremble. We sent it down the line to regiment after

regiment following us, we made a cheer 12 miles long reaching to Blakeley. The confederates heard us in Mobile 15 miles away.

We congratulated each other that the war was over, and we would soon go home ; and there would be no more fighting ; but we soon found that the confederacy was like a snake, that while its head was crushed there was life in the opposite extremity, manifesting considerable vigor; in the commands of Johnson, Dick Taylor, and Kirby Smith in Texas.

About 2:30 A.M., the 7th Vt. Regiment received orders to go on board the steamboat at daylight, and proceed to Mobile. This put a new face on the immediate peace prospect; either the confederacy was dead and did not know it, or our dispatch over which we had cheered so lustily was premature. At any rate we were ordered to Mobile with 60 rounds of ammunition which did not look like a peaceful surrender of that stronghold. We went on board as ordered and Mobile had heard of our intended coming and was literally on fire for us. Not the city proper, but the walks, wharfs, and every thing that fire would burn to prevent our landing near the city was on fire, to keep the hated Yanks out of the city.

The ride of 15 miles to Mobile was not a picnic or a pleasure party by any means. We could look south down the bay, and near by Fort Morgan lay a U. S. sunken monitor no portion of which, except the upper part of the flag staff was above water ; sunk by a rebel torpedo. Above and between us and Mobile lay two others of our monitors opposite the Spanish Fort, sunk by running on rebel torpedos, but the water was so shallow that these were used as shore batteries in reducing the Spanish Fort and most excellent service they did. I have listened on divers days and times to the pleasant enquiries which the shells from these monitors made in going to the Spanish Fort among the rebels, when high in air and on their way, would seem to enquire, " which ? " " which ? " " which ? " and then in the Fort would explode with a thundering noise.

We were preceded by a steamboat with great wooden arms and steel finger hooks with an " *omnium gatherum* " arrangement fishing up the sunken torpedoes ahead of us, in the channel of the bay, as the boat waltzed from right to left, and left to right, ahead of the boats behind it. The torpedoes when hooked up, in the distance resembled lobsters on a string or wire.

We stood light on deck expecting an explosion, fearing our pioneer would miss some torpedoes and we should find them too

late. We looked with anxious solicitude to the eastern shore of the bay which the Yankees had taken in case of an explosion, and we could swim that distance. We made slow progress for steam conveyance in feeling our way through this 15 miles of torpedo net work.

About the middle of the bay we passed a horse going out to sea with the tide, which asked as plain as a horse could ask that we take him aboard, but we could not stop to catch a horse, or express sympathy for the unfortunate, we were bound for Mobile direct.

Some five or six miles from Mobile some reckless fellows on a boat about 100 feet from us, climbed on the gang way which was swung up like an awning, and under which a great many soldiers sat and stood, to be out of the sun, and some infantry companies had stacked arms. So many men climbed on this gang way or improvised upper deck that the chains supporting it broke, and the whole thing came down on those below, killing and wounding a large number, and crushing up the guns as if the same had been tin guns. It seemed doubly sad to witness the fate of these men who had escaped death in all previous battles to be killed in this trap sprung by a lot of reckless fellows who were out of their places and seemed bent on mischief; possibly they thought this the safer place in case of a torpedo explosion.

We neared the city of Mobile and steamed up in full view of the city and greatly wondered why the rebels did not open fire on us; and almost wished they would fire that we might get over being scared; but not a gun was fired, and we landed some two miles west of the city and went on shore; some men who had got there ahead of us or were in the secret told us where to land, and the various regiments marched up to the city, not into it. The 7th Vt., was so fortunate as to camp on a fine piece of land just outside of the city on the west. Strict orders were that passes should not be given to soldiers as the rebel soldiers and police had run away, and the city was entirely of itself defenceless against disturbance and improper conduct; but a corporal of the 7th Vt., had a wife and family living in Mobile and he was an exception, and had Col. Holbrook's pass to go home for the night. Great fear came on the people of Mobile when "The Yanks" appeared before the city. *Women fainted, children screamed, and all confederates bewailed in loud lamentations*, that Mobile had surrendered to the Yankees. The city was rife with rumors of all sorts of dire calamities to befall Mobile and the in-

habitants thereof. The women were told that the Yankee ultimatum was "beauty and booty," for the whole army; and every woman felt in her inmost soul that she possessed in an eminent degree those dangerous attributes and qualities in war, but great possessions in time of peace, and that they were in a corresponding degree sore afraid of the horrid "Yanks." When this solitary 7th Vermont soldier appeared in Mobile, the women beholding him screamed on being approached by him. They feared he had come to select his beauty and booty. He could not get near one of them for some time. He finally cornered an elderly woman, old enough to be his mother, when her fear somewhat abated as he did not offer immediate violence, he enquired for the residence of his wife and family, which the good woman did not know, but she called some other women who did know the family, and when they found he was hunting for his own wife and no other woman, these women to the number of 500 or more gathered around him; and when assured that if they offered no violence to the Yankees, they would not be harmed, and this he would guarantee as an officer in a Yankee regiment (being a corporal!). They were so delighted with this assurance of safety, that in confidence and gratitude they kissed him and took him on their shoulders and carried him to his wife, the whole company following in procession! He sat in state in his house that night until past midnight, assuring delegations that he would guarantee the safety of person and property to all the inhabitants who were civil and respectful to the Yankees; and past 12 o'clock the last delegation left our Mobile Yankee soldier's residence, assuring others on the way to enquire, that they had it personally from a Yankee officer now in the city with his family, of high rank, certainly not less than that of a captain, that all well deserving people would be safe and protected in all their rights by the Yankees.

The novel position in which our Vermont soldier was placed this night, and the distinguished attention received by him, the kisses included, nearly turned his head. I tented with him several days and he never tired of talking about it and he personally attributed this reception to his personal bearing as a soldier and not to the army at the gates of the city, and the gates wide open.

Second Day.—The morning of the 13th of April, 1865, was unusually fine and that Mobile confederate soldiers had fled like wild startled deers and left their domestic *dears* to our kind care

and keeping, made the day appear most charming and auspicious. We all had full rations and ample time to cook the same, and time and opportunity to examine the fortifications outside and around the city proper, and it was a great wonder to me that the confederates did not do more harm to the guns and property which they abandoned. They tipped over some guns, spiked a few, and did a little other mischief and ran away. It was evidently the work of a lot of boys and small ones at that. Near 11 o'clock A. M., our army resumed its march and passed through the city of Mobile in pursuit of the enemy, expecting to be confronted by the confederates a few miles out of the city, and every thing was made ready for the contest. As I remember it, we passed through some of the main streets from the west side to the north-east part of the city in fine martial array. The bands and drum corp playing "Yankee Doodle," better, louder, and stronger than I ever heard it before or since. The people who had not fled from the city or hid, came out to witness our progress and appearance; some were mute, some sad, some cried in apparent agony; the colored people and a few whites laughed as if it was a grand show and they were pleased with the procession. I did not witness any welcome among the whites except from a white woman from the Emerald Isle, who took off her bonnet and swung it over her head and cried out with energy "Hurrah for the Yanks." I did not see but one United States flag raised by the citizens, and that was a very old one. The army filled the width of the streets and the ground was a little undulating and as "we went marching along" at a spanking pace, it seemed as if the army was a resistless river of men, horses and artillery, ever rolling on. Yankee Doodle was dressed up in the world-wide celebrated "red, white and blue" with the stars interspersed in their proper places, and carried heavier guns than the ancient gun "large as a log of maple," and a load for a yoke of cattle. There were guns which took six and eight horses to haul and handle. Yankee Doodle beat "The Bonny Blue Flag" "clean out of sight." When the army reached Whistler five miles from Mobile, we were attacked by some rebel cavalry, and Col. Day of the 91st Illinois, commanding the brigade to which the 7th Vt., was attached, rode up and said in stentorian tones: "Boys, the enemy are in our front in force, firing, unsling knapsacks and sail in." The 7th answered with roaring cheers and several tigers.

A guard was detailed to take charge of the knapsacks and baggage, and we started on a double quick for the "Johnnies," who

killed and wounded some of our men in the edge of a piece of woods and then run again. We followed about two miles as hard as we could run; but we could not catch up with their horses. We came back to Whistler, dug some trenches, and felled some pine trees to guard against a night attack by cavalry, but the cavalry did not appear. This was our last fight; we saw confederates after this in the distance but they were of a very retiring demeanor.

The 7th Vt. regiment had the distinguished honor of going across the country from Mobile to McIntosh's Bluffs on the Tombigbee river, and being a part of the escort of Gen. Dick Taylor and other confederates, down the river to Mobile, and after this service was performed encamped at the "Two Mile Creek," on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, so called because it is two miles from Mobile, we had been there quite a number of days and witnessed sundry railroad train loads of cannon and various other implements of war, with a large amount of ammunition captured by the U. S. army from the confederates carried past our camp *en route* for the arsenal of Mobile. This gave us much pleasure as it was being taken from the rebels, and would compensate the United States in some degree for the thefts by Thompson and other confederates.

Third Day.—We were much elated and hoped we should get all the war stores in the confederacy. One day just after a car load of shells and cannon had been carried past us, I was startled by a most fearful noise louder than the voice of "many thunders," in the direction of Mobile city. My first impression was, that a battery of the largest guns had opened on us within six rods, and casting my eyes towards Mobile, I saw a great flame and a dense cloud of smoke arise over the city and looking up at an altitude of some two or three miles above the city, the air was filled with timber and fragments of the U. S. arsenal, which had exploded with about one hundred tons of powder and fixed ammunition. The sound of the explosion was terrible; louder than any man in the U. S. service had ever heard, even Gen. Butler's little amusement at Fort Fisher was a very tame affair compared with this frightful explosion. No one dared to attempt to visit this scene of devastation and destruction and death, because the huge piles of shell deposited in the arsenal had in part been thrown over the city and were exploding with frightful rapidity. Those of you who have witnessed the explosion of fire crackers by the thousand in a barrel, can have some idea of the frequency of these cannon shell explosions. It was almost a

continuous roar without any definite space in time between explosions. After a time, there came times in which there was a lull between explosions. Then there would be a lull between explosions to be resumed again with redoubled fury.

The number of men, horses and mules killed, will never be exactly known; I will guess it was between 500 and 1,000, may be more. The modern western cyclone is an object of terror and power, but this explosion was greater and more terrible than any known cyclone. In proof of this assertion I will state that buildings were swept away and not a fragment of them could be found; and when the first force of the explosion had passed throwing shells through the city, which was darkened by the smoke so that people who were not killed could not see where to run, and it seemed that the furies had fired a broadside into the city and not having killed every living thing, was smoking out the people and shelling the city to finish all not killed by the first explosion. The noise made by the subsequent explosion of the shells was so great that the screams of the wounded and dying could not be heard for a long time, and the bravest stood aghast with wonder and terror, for no one in the city could see or learn the cause until the smoke lifted. Some thought it was an earthquake. Some thought the Yankees had returned and were cannonading the city and had suddenly destroyed it, and no one near the magazine was left to give any account of how or where it happened and what was the cause thereof. The most commonly received opinion of the cause of this terrible calamity was that it arose from carelessness of some one in the magazine. If this was the fact the careless fellow did not live to render the stupid excuse for homicides with firearms, that he "did not know it was loaded," for not a fragment of any one in the magazine could be found with a search warrant. The whole magazine was thrown miles away.

Some persons might think the 4th of July fire cracker fiend, the irrepressible, ubiquitous, omnipresent, small boy, would have had a joyful time in beholding this exhibition of fireworks had they been present in Mobile city on this terrible occasion. Such would not have been the fact, these fellows would have howled with fear or been suddenly still lest the angel of death should find and kill them. I saw a place more than 40 rods from this magazine where a brick house stood, with not a brick or stone or any part thereof remaining, but the top of the ground was shaved off as if a huge scraper drawn

by a cyclone had passed over it. I saw a man who was in the second story of a house which was blown all to pieces and blown away, and the most of the people who were in it at the time killed. He said he had no recollection of the event, he was unconscious for a time, and the first he remembered after the explosion which he did not hear, was running in the streets to avoid some great bodily harm, but where or how he could not tell.

No man can describe this explosion. Those near were killed or terribly wounded. Those in the city were blinded by smoke or made unconscious by the terrible concussion and noise, and could not form a judgment until the smoke lifted and they made inquiry: "What's up?" or rather "what's down? what has happened?" Those at a safe distance, who were too far off to see anything to describe were more fortunate. All we could say from witnessing at our camp was as I have described, the terrible noise heard, the sight of the fragments in the air, the huge flame and great cloud of smoke which arose. The wind favored us, the 7th Vt. Vols., in blowing the smoke to the east of us and we knew from the direction, and the fact that there was no other quantity of powder stored in Mobile, that the arsenal had gone up in fire and smoke; but the cause in this world will in all probability never be made known. But this was true of it, it was greater and more terrible than an earthquake or cyclone, because when these strike a town, and go through it and quit, they do not turn around and settle a dark pall over the destruction wrought, and then cannonade the town for half an hour with artillery and mortar shells.

There was terrible suffering in Mobile. The smell of the blood of the slain, citizens, soldiers, horses and mules, was very offensive. The flies came in swarms like the Egyptian frogs and other pestilences of old. I was in the town one day, fighting flies and looking about for evidence of destruction, and wanted something to eat, and called at a booth or restaurant, saw two men eating and three men fighting flies off these men and their food. The flies were too much for me, I bought something and carried it to camp.

If I had had the power to visit the rebellious city of Mobile with a special judgment for its treason, this calamity was more severe than I could have the heart to inflict. One of the saddest things in this lamentable affair was that so many of our boys should pass

through so many dangers in the field and then after the war was virtually over, should be killed or wounded by carelessness or assassination.

I must not omit to mention our unfortunate assistants, and dumb friends; the horses and mules killed on this occasion, which was very large ; and which was greatly increased from the fact that just before the explosion one of those great southern thunder showers occurred and the horses and men sought shelter in cotton presses and other buildings. A cotton press at the north would be called a cotton shed, as these are open on one side at least but all have large heavy roofs. Most of these buildings were a considerable distance from the scene of explosion, but so great was its power that it either threw the buildings down or spread the sides thereof and drew the rafters from the plates and the roofs fell upon the men, horses and mules below, killing or wounding hundreds, which might have escaped the debris and missiles of death and destruction in the open air. To prevent a pestilence a great many dead horses and mules were burnt, which was a sad spectacle to witness, and offensive to the smell.

But after all there is no use in trying to give a description of this affair, as well might one attempt to describe an earthquake, no language can describe this terrible sight, and effect of the Mobile explosion of May, 1865. We can give some idea of the noise ; for instance an ounce of powder exploded nearly deafens one near it, and here was more than 3,200,000 ounces powder and shell exploded, much more than was used at the battle of Waterloo, and here were hundreds of confederates and union soldiers with hundreds of horses swept away into one mighty windrow and hurled out of existence or maimed for life. Death in this case was no respecter of persons. "The blending of the blue and the gray" here was not censurable as it was not voluntary. Here the faithful horse bore his master company so far as human sight was concerned, to death.

As I do not feel able to find suitable language to properly set forth the horrors of that occasion, I will take the liberty to adopt the language of Lord Byron, who in describing another but no more terrible scene, a part of which thus reads, of that destruction :

"The thunder clouds close o'er it which when rent,
"The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
"Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent ;
"Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent."

Sketch of a Southern Prison, By J. Albert Libby.

Soon after the war of the Rebellion, while spending a winter in South Carolina, it was my privilege to visit more than once the Stockade built by "Southern Chivalry" for the soldiers of the northern states who might be captured during the fraternal contest.

This prison yard was some two miles away from Florence R. R. Station, in an out of the way region; and here I was stirred with an interest which until this day has not wholly departed, for my mind took in a picture that hangs distinctly now on memory's wall.

The enclosed ground I was told, would measure eighteen acres; and the surface lay in two gentle slopes, edging down to a creek that ran sluggishly through the middle, looking much more like ink than water.

The land on both sides was swampy, but log bridges lay here and there, to connect the higher grounds. The log huts, though the timbers were hardly large enough to be called logs, stood thickly over all the waste, and being back from busy centres the desolation and the silence altogether, made the place seem like a city rudely built by pigmies, a great number for a temporary stay, and then deserted; *this* because the huts were so small, for many of the little houses were made for one, and many more for only two, and used I should judge to sit in, and for sleeping places, away from the sun and storms, and cold. I often noticed the marks of Yankee skill in the construction of these buildings, as I passed around. I was told that the soldiers had to buy the stuff for these shanties, and very many who had no means, and perhaps no courage and strength to build these enviable, yet pitiable abodes, made themselves burrowing places in the earth to shield them from the scorching southern sun, and from the horrid chill of the wintry nights; with all their best clothing stripped from them by rebel hands. Ah! we shall never know their sorrow.

There was pointed out to me the shanty of Florena Budwin, who fought for her country in male attire, and perished here. She was known only as a soldier boy, I was told, till the time of her death. I walked these grounds with an aching heart, while hearing the recitals of many woes.

The dead line was still visible, and the high posts stood in their strength, all around, banked outwardly nearly to the top with what was now solid earth. I shall not record here the most sickening scenes of this stockade described to me, and some of which my own eyes looked upon.

The last time I visited the place, the tongue of fire, was licking up within, all the marks of the once rebel prison, as they were preparing the grounds for a crop. I bore away some remembrancers of the dreary spot, one was a grape vine root. It was the second day of April, and this beautiful little vine was running over, and clinging to one of the lonely huts, throwing out its sweet buds, as if no sorrow had ever been there; I tried hard to make it live at my home in Maine, but it pined away and died, perhaps like the poor boy over whose prison home it had begun to climb.

They said to me the dead cart was passing continually to and from this place. Let us go to the burial ground, it is an acre well inclosed, and thickly packed with northern men, low in their graves. We passed through the gateway around which climbing rose-trees clung, and walked above the nameless sleepers, whose rest is just as sweet as though taken near their far off homes, under the falling tears of their nearest friends.

I said nameless graves. So they were; the records of most of them were lost, before the government could place the head-boards; just here, however, is the grave of the one I spoke of, Florena Budwin, it is well cared for, and indeed all are. The guardian of the cemetery lives in a cottage close at hand, and has this for his business; but I should judge this grave has had around it the touch of affection's hand. The rose bush was there with its modest buds, and other things of taste and beauty. Under the inscription of the name, and home, was this significant verse :

> "Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
> Thy kindred, and their graves may be;
> Yet thine is still a blessed sleep
> From which none ever wake to weep."

I left this peaceful graveyard, having walked it through with a sense of melancholy, quite different from those feelings which possessed me as I sauntered over the stockade. There indignation mingled with my grief, for I was in the slaughter pen where raw pumpkins it was said were thrown and the boys ate them like pigs. The prison yard was where they slowly killed our soldiers; but the

graveyard the place where we could say, with softened sadness, poor boys, it is all over now, take your rest till the trump of reveille rings out o'er all the fields of the worthy dead.

Castleton, Vt., June 1st, 1885.

Relics Exhibited and Described.

Frederick L. Reed, orderly sergeant of Company D, 14th regiment of Vermont volunteers, exhibited a small diary which he kept during his army life. Mr. Roseboom of Benson was killed within five feet of him. Lieut. Bosworth of Fairhaven was wounded in the leg lying near him. Mr. Moriarity was wounded in the arm with pieces of the same shell that wounded Bosworth. The artery was severed and blood spurted into Reed's face, Sergeant Dickinson said to him "Reed, good God, are you hit in the head?"

That portion of Mr. Reed's diary covering the battle of Gettysburgh, we copy entire:

Tuesday June 23, 1863. Received orders to be ready to move. I hope we will not go. Nothing new in camp to-day only all are wondering where we are going. A. J. D. has gone to bed and I must go. I hope to have a good night's rest.

Wednesday 24. Wolf Run Shoals. Boys getting ready to move in the morning. They all feel well about moving. We have got to carry three days' rations. Wrote a letter to *x*. A. J. D. has gone to bed and I must follow his example, so farewell.

Thursday 25. Camp in the woods, one mile north of Centerville. Started from Wolf Run, 7 this morning. It rained all night; we got wet. It is reported that the Rebs are at Wolf Run now. We are all feeling well; nothing to eat, only hard tack.

Friday 26. Camp near Harrington Station in a meadow. We marched very slow to-day; all are feeling good. I am a little sore footed but I am bound to stand it. This is a nice country. We expect to see fighting to-morrow. It has been a good day to march.

Saturday 27. Camp near Edward's Ferry, Md. Marched 20 miles; very tired to-night; feet blistered. Troops passed all night; we met all the Boys at the Ferry. Crossed the Potomac on pontoons. There is a big force with us. I wanted to write this morning but cannot send letters.

Sunday 28. Camp near Adamstown. Marched all day. Adamstown was a very nice little place. I see five or six nice looking ladies. The Rebs were in this town last night but have gone to-day. Paid fifty cents for a loaf of bread.

Monday 29. Camp eight miles out of Frederick. Marched all dry ; Oh how tired I am to-night ; one man from our company fell out ; we do not know whether he is dead or not. I had a good swig of whiskey to-day, it does me more good than anything.

Tuesday 30. Camp at Emmittsburgh. We have marched one hundred and ten miles since we started. This is a splendid country ; I never saw anything to beat it. We expect to see fighting before long. My feet are so sore I hardly can step on them. Paid one dollar for a loaf of bread. One of our company fell out and we had to leave him ; we do not know where he is.

Wednesday July 1st. Started from Emmittsburgh at 10 A. M. ; arrived at Gettysburgh at 5 P. M. I see artillery fighting, and to-morrow morning we expect to fight like devils. Boys all tired out. It is rather sad to think we have got to fight to-morrow.

Thursday 2nd. 9 A. M. This morning we are all getting ready to go into the fight ; perhaps this is the last time I shall ever write in this book * * * * * * No it was not ; thank God for it ; such a fight I never want to see again. Sam. Fisk was wounded. Oh such a roar of cannon no man ever heard !

Friday 3d. I am writing now lying flat on the ground ; the shells are flying all around us ; just a moment ago one piece of a shell hit Aiken on the back. It looks now as though we all would be killed. Roseboom was shot by a sharp shooter.

Saturday 4th. 8 A. M. Did not fight to-day for we fought so hard yesterday. Boys feel sad this morning. I made out the report of killed, wounded and missing in our company : 2 killed, 6 wounded and six missing. I got two bullet holes in my coat, but, thank God, I am still living. The Rebs have retreated. Our brigade fought like devils.

Sunday 5th. Advanced this morning at 10 A. M. I hardly think we shall see any more fighting. Company D was detached for guard for the Hospital. We are in hopes to remain here until our time expires ; I hope we will.

Monday 6th. A very fine day to-day. Jim. Goodrich and myself went to a house and got breakfast ; that is the first time I have had anything to eat since we left the Run. This is a pleasant place where we are.

Tuesday 7th. Went out foraging to-day ; got a good dinner, 8 lbs butter, six loaves of bread 50 cts. a loaf, 40 bushels corn, 8 bushels rye, and some straw to lie on ; we are not going to starve as long as there is anything to be bought. We now and then hear a report of a cannon.

Wednesday 8th. I do not feel well to-day ; I have not got over the fight yet. I am almost used up. It has rained almost all day. To-night it is pleasant, I would give five dollars if I could hear from Benson, but I cannot.

Thursday 9th. Very pleasant day to-day. I slept almost all day. We are having gay times ; plenty to eat ; that suits us ; yes it does.

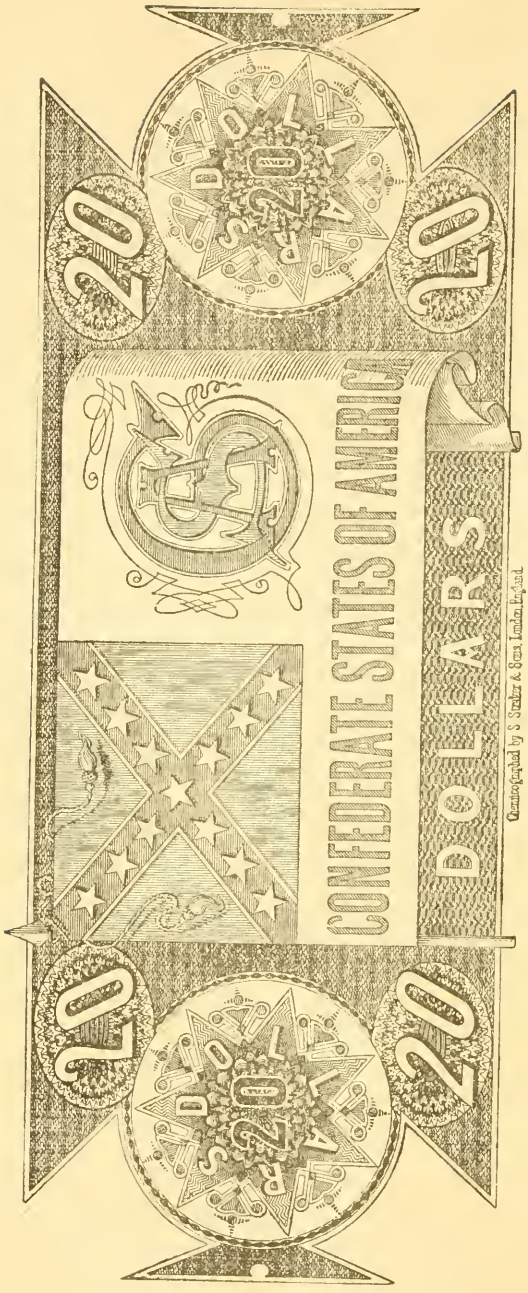
Friday 10th. Dick Hibbard and myself went down to the city of Gettysburgh to-day ; we took dinner at the hotel. The houses are completely pierced with bullet holes ; it is or was a very pretty place.

Saturday 11th. Sick to-day, I would like to be at home for I am a little afraid of a fever. It is very warm. I paid one dollar for a loaf of bread to-day ; my money will soon be gone if I keep on.

Rev. J. Albert Libby presented a hickory cane which he cut in the Rebel stockade at Florence, South Carolina ; it was growing out of the "dead line."

Dr. James Sanford presented pieces of wood from the stockade at Andersonville Prison, Ga. These pieces were gathered by Mr. George W. Whitlock, of Eufaula, Alabama, in 1881.

Dr. John M. Currier exhibited the following interesting relics : Bronze British coin found on the battlefield of Hubbardton in 1878, bearing date 1737 ; another bronze coin found a few rods west of Fort Warren in Castleton in 1877 bearing date 1775 ; also a Continental copper coat button found near the same place in 1883 ; a screw driver to a gun, which formerly belonged to Col. Noah Lee ; from the resemblance to its form, Screw Driver Pond (now called Glen Lake) received its rustic name ; which lake empties its limpid waters into West Castleton Bay nearly opposite the beautiful island of Neshobe.



The accompanying engraving, designed for the back of a Confederate bank note, is printed from the original plate, the property of Mr. James Cummings of Castleton, who was a private in Co. D, 4th Regt. U. S. Cavalry ; and was transferred to Co. M as sergeant. After his discharge, he was clerk in the Quarter Master's Department, Cavalry Division, District of East Tennessee, Gen. A. C. Gillan, commanding. Mr. Cummings writes : "It was taken from a section of the train that was bearing the archives of the confederacy south after the evacuation of Richmond in April, 1865. The train was intercepted in North Carolina and captured by the cavalry division, district of East Tennessee, commanded by Gen. A. C. Gillan. The plate was presented to me in April, 1865 by a comrade who was the captor."

GRAVES DECORATED IN HILLSIDE CEMETERY.

Selah Gridley Perkins, M. D., Captain Co. H., 1st Regt. Vt. cavalry. Killed at Ashley's Gap, Va., Sept. 22, 1862.

George O. French, Lieutenant in Battery C., 11 Regt. Vt. Vols. Killed in action at Petersburgh, Va., April 2, 1865. His monument bears the following inscription: "Erected by his comrades. He was loved and honored by all that knew him and died as a true patriot for his country."

Henry C. Atwood, M. D., Assistant Surgeon, 5th Regt. Vt. Vols., born Jan. 21, 1837, in Chester, Vt., graduated at Castleton Medical College in 1858. He collected a large cabinet of minerals and antiquities of all kinds including old books; and after his death Aug. 9, 1871, his collection of minerals was presented to the State Normal School at Castleton, by his widow.

H. F. Smith, M. D., Assistant Surgeon in 3d Regt. Vt. Vols., born in Castleton, Vt., Oct., 1829, died Jan. 23, 1871.

Merritt H. Sherman, Lieut. Co. C., 1st Regt. Vt. Artillery. Killed in action in front of Petersburgh, Va., June 23, 1864. Aged 22 years.

Rev. Edwin M. Sherman, Sergt. Co. C., 11th Regt. Vt. Vols. Lost a limb at Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864. Died April 27, 1876, aged 29 years.

Myron B. Sherman, Mem. Co. C., 1st Regt. Vt. Artillery. Died at Burksville, Va., April 14, 1865; aged 20 years.

Henry Hobart Hosford, Mem. Co. F., 14th Regt. Vt. Vols. Born Feb. 11, 1821; died Sept. 19, 1863. His monument was erected by his affectionate sister.

James H. Remington, only son of John H. Remington and Betsey Maria Stephens; born in Castleton, Vt., May 19, 1843; died in the United States service, at Camp Griffin, Va., Dec. 24, 1861.

Harrison Ingleston, Mem. Co. I., 5th Regt. Vt. Vols. Died in Castleton, May 30, 1862, aged 42 years.

John Ingleston, Mem. Battery B., 11th Regt. Vt. Vols. Died in Rochester, Feb. 5, 1864, aged 21 years.

William Parkhurst, Mem. Co. B., 2d Regt. Vt. Vols. Son of T. and E. R. Parkhurst. Died March 20, 1876, aged 43 years and 9 months.

Thomas P. Durham, Mem. Co. B., 2d Regt. Vt. Vols.; son of James and A. W. Durham; born in Whitehall, N. Y., June 1, 1843; killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 12, 1864.

Marcus L. Eaton, Mem. Co. B., 2d Regt. Vt. Vols. Died at Camp Griffin, Va., Nov. 30, 1861, aged 34 years.

John L. Wilkins, Pri. Co. I, 5th Regt. Vt. Vols. Died in Castleton, April 27, 1866, aged 33 years.

Edgar Ross, Mem. Co. C., 2d Regt. Vt. Vols. Died at St. Mary's Hospital, Dec. 15, 1861, aged 18 years.

George K. Griswold, Mem. Co. B, 2d Regt. Vt. Vols. He was the only son of Franklin and Philena Griswold; died at Liberty Hall Hospital, Va., June, 1862, aged 17 years.

James P. Timony, Mem. of an Illinois Battery; was in the battles of Belmont, Fort Henry, Donelson, and Shiloh, in which he was severely wounded, and left the service. Died Dec. 3, 1874, aged 39 years.

Harvey Shepard, Mem. Co —, — Regt. Vt. Vols. Died April 3, 1879, aged 63 years.

Joseph S. Perkins, Mem. Co. —, 1st Vt. Cavalry. Born Sept. 1, 1841; died March 10, 1868.

Wilbur E. French, Mem. 6th Battery Light Artillery, Mass. Vols. Son of E. W. French of Castleton; born July 26, 1846; died at Hart, Mich., March 2, 1881.

Thomas Boutelle.

Jacob Wheeler, soldier in the war of 1812.

Frank Ellery, Commodore in the United States Navy; born July 23, 1794; died March 24, 1871.

MAJOR ABEL MOULTON, Obit. 8th Oct., 1776. Ætat 35 yrs. It is supposed that Major Moulton was the second person who died in Castleton. His remains were first buried on the brow of the hill south-west of the new slate mill in the village of Castleton. A few years after the Hillside Cemetery was opened his remains were disinterred and buried in the north-east corner.

We copy the stanza on the tombstone :

> "While Spring revives these fields around
> Here their first owner mouldering lies,
> Still as these hills, cold as this ground,
> Till GOD shall bid the dead to rise."

We are unable to state that he was a soldier of the Revolution, but here insert his epitaph and the stanza following it which may lead to the discovery of the fact whether he was or was not.

Graves Decorated in the Churchyard.

The number of soldiers' graves in the old churchyard in Castleton, is not definitely known; but it probably exceeds that generally supposed, and certainly exceeds the number decorated on Memorial Days. From the information that the compiler has received from Mr. A. C. Shaw, Mrs. Dea. Caswell, Rev. Mr. Steel's History of Castleton, and other sources, the following list has been made:

Col. Noah Lee, who was very active all through the Revolutionary war, and was at Yorktown at the surrender of Cornwallis, died in Castleton, May 4, 1840, aged 96 years.

Nehemiah Hoyt, who was the third man who entered Fort Ticonderoga, when captured by Allen, May 10, 1775, and who was in the battle of Bennington, was born in Stamford, Conn., May 14, 1753, and died in Castleton, April 10, 1832.

Zadock Remington, who was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary war, died June 6, 1838, aged 93 years.

Rufus Branch, who was in the Revolutionary war, died March 10, 1821, aged 82 years.

Gen. Isaac Clark, who was in both the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812, died Jan. 31, 1822, aged 74 years.

Capt. Williams, who was killed in the skirmish east of Castleton village on Sunday morning, July 6, 1777, was first buried * near the place where he was killed; on July 4th, 1821, his remains were disinterred and reburied in the village churchyard with military ceremonies.

Capt. John Hall was mortally wounded in the same skirmish with Capt. Williams, where Fort Warren was afterwards built, and where John J. Langdon now resides. His remains were first buried in the

* When excavation was being made for the railroad through the old fort ground, human bones were exhumed, but nothing further was done with them than to dump them with the dirt.

graveyard on the east side of the road to East Hubbardton, about forty rods north of Fort Warren, on a lot now owned by Mary Redfield. The east end of this lot on the brow of the hill, was used as a cemetery by the early settlers in this portion of the town until the churchyard was opened in the village north of the new church.* Mrs. Caswell, who lived on the west side of the street opposite, thinks there were nearly one hundred buried there of all ages; mostly without headstones. Darius Branch purchased this lot in 1835. A short time afterward he became deranged, and ordered all those who had friends buried there to remove them, but only Lieut. Elias Hall responded. He had the remains of his father John Hall and mother, disinterred and reburied in the new churchyard. The remaining graves were all plowed over, and from that time to the present, the only indications of a graveyard left exist in the upturning of human bones, on the eastern slope of the hill, in cultivation. He was in his 55th year when killed.

David Sanford, captain of a Vermont volunteer company in the war of 1812. He died in Castleton, April 2, 1842, aged 74 years.

Lieut. Elias Hall and his brother Alpheus were taken prisoners at the skirmish in Castleton, taken to Ticonderoga, and shortly afterwards made their escape. He was in the battle of Stillwater when Burgoyne surrendered. He died June 10, 1848, aged 94 years.

There are the graves of several others, who may have been soldiers of the Revolution or of the war of 1812, but time will not admit of an investigation before going to press. It is hoped that before another Memorial Day a full list of the soldiers will be made out, and proper measures taken to decorate their graves.

Mr. A. C. Shaw, now 89 years of age, informs me that when the news reached Castleton that the British had invaded the Champlain Valley, his father Augustus M. Shaw took a load of volunteers and started for the seat of invasion, with their muskets and ammunition; but when they had reached Burlington they learned that the battle

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* It was a long time before the location for the new church could be decided upon. Many wanted it near the graveyard; others wanted it near where the brick church now stands. Considerable feeling was manifested by the two parties towards each other; they were called *west enders* and *east enders;* finally the *west enders* prevailed and the church was located on "the Green;" in time harmony was restored. As early as 1787 there were as many buildings north of the fort as there were on "the Green." Quite an effort was made to make that locality the main part of the village.

of Plattsburgh was over. Mr. Wm. Moulton remembers this load of volunteers. The load contained John Meacham, Samuel Moulton, Darius Branch, Augustus M. Shaw, and several others whose names cannot readily be called to mind.

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Prof. Abel E. Leavenworth, Captain Co. K, 9th Regt. Vt. Vols.

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John Stevenson, Sergt. Co. I, 22d Regt. N. Y. Vols.

James Miner, Pri. Co. C, 10th Regt. Vt Vols.

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Oscar Proctor, Pri. Co. E, 2d Regt. U. S. Sharp Shooters.

E. D. Johnson, Pri. Co. B, 2d Regt. Vt. Vols.

Henry H. Pattison, Sailor under Admiral Porter, on board Flag Ship "Black Hawk"

S. F. Cluff, Drummer 1st Regt. Vt. Vols.

A. J. Ware, Sergt. Co. B, 7th Regt. Vt. Vols.

M. H. Cook, Pri. Co. I, 7th Regt. Vt. Vols.

Hiram W. Watters, Sergt. Co. G, 1st Regt. Vt. Cavalry.

G. S. Scribner, Sergt. Co. H, 2d Regt. U. S. Sharp Shooters. Afterwards changed to Quarter Master Sergeant.

Michael Hynes, Pri. Co. B, 2d Regt. Vt. Vols.

Cullen Wheeler, Pri. Co. H, 1st Regt. Vt. Cavalry.

Patrick Byrne, Color Sergt. Co. C, 11th Regt. Vt. Vols.

T. J. Gault, Pri. Co. F. 14th Regt. Vt. Vols.

Marquis J. Bixby, Pri. Co. C, 16th Regt. Vt. Vols.

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